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OPPOSITION IN OPPOSITION.

IF it were possible that the dispute among the members of the Parliamentary Opposition could have any ending but one, we should feel more interest in it than we do, and should probably have given it earlier notice. But the compliances now demanded from the bulk of Lord DERBY's party by their leaders, have been too long prepared and too dexterously led up to—they are too much the natural result of the policy which has been followed during the last ten years, for it to be possible that the malcontents should do more than grumble at the servitude to which they are reduced. A week's reading of the *Morning Herald* will prove this. The revolt against Mr. DISRAELI has not, it must be remembered, commenced since the termination of the session. It broke out months ago, and showed itself in wholesale abstinence from party divisions, entailing a succession of disgraceful defeats. Now, however, after the dispersion of Parliament, the dissidents have thought proper to declare the grounds of their quarrel with their leader, and the *Herald* is charged with the statement of their case. Their position is proved, as we have said, to be hopeless by the language of their organ. The articles which this wonderful newspaper has published, day after day, for the last week or two, are worth attentive study on many accounts. Taken by themselves, they read like the utterances of stark staring madness. Between the furiousness of the expressions and the strangeness or imbecility of the sentiments, they leave a positively melancholy impression on the mind, as if one had been listening to the revellings which a delirious patient addresses to his nurse. Yet they seem really to be intended as an authoritative political manifesto. They are printed in the largest type, with the largest spaces between the lines, and each sentence figures as a separate paragraph, as if the writer were perpetually obliged to take breath and collect himself for a fresh scream. The points on which the *Morning Herald* seems to be really instructed to say that the Opposition malcontents will make a stand, may be separated with a little trouble from the demands which the journalist would like personally to insist upon. The newspaper goes in for the restoration of the corn-laws, the destruction of all statues erected to PEEL, a British Zollverein, the impeachment of Lord PALMERSTON for high treason, and the indictment of Lord PANMURE for murder; but the Parliamentary dissidents seem to confine themselves to the Inspection of Nunneries, the withdrawal of the Maynooth grant, and the abolition of Mixed Education in Ireland. These proposals may be made in earnest, but, to use a Gallicism, they are not serious. They lie outside the orbit of possible statesmanship. A man might as well agitate for the renewal of the Test Act, or the revival of the statutes of Occasional Conformity. A body of politicians which avows itself desirous of stickling for measures like these, has nothing to do except get over its fit of grumbling as quickly as possible, and surrender itself at discretion to the exigencies of leaders who are trying to extricate it from a policy of despair.

A parenthetical dispute seems to be going on between the organs of the two sections of Opposition as to the character of Sir ROBERT PEEL. One of them desires that, as matter of principle, his name should always be coupled with the epithet "traitor;" the other apparently prefers the expression adopted by Mr. DISRAELI in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, and would have him styled a "person of defective imagination." It is indeed impossible to listen to the existing controversy and not perceive that it raises all sorts of questions as to the relation of Sir ROBERT PEEL to the party which discarded him. The *Morning Herald* will assuredly have ere long to eat its words; but they are not the less true for all that, and the concession really demanded from the bulk of the Opposition is that now, in 1856, they

should take up the position which they quarrelled with Sir ROBERT PEEL for assuming in 1846. Sir ROBERT PEEL, endowed Maynooth and repealed the Corn Laws. We have acquiesced, it is said, in the repeal of the Corn Laws; and now you ask us to accept the endowment of Maynooth. What shall we have gained by severing ourselves from Sir ROBERT PEEL? As regards Maynooth, the conclave of leaders plant themselves on PEEL's ground, and no other. Finding it convenient probably to forget the attitude of Mr. DISRAELI towards the measure of 1845, they argue directly for the grant, urging all the arguments which have long since convinced statesmen that good faith and policy alike require its maintenance. Their treatment of Protectionism is a little different. They rarely allude to it; or, if they touch it, it is only to remind the country gentlemen that their spokesmen fought for a tariff as long as there was hope left, and only deserted the contest under pressure of public opinion. So far as this justification differs from PEEL's, the difference is in PEEL's favour. PEEL affirmed that he relinquished his opinions because he thought them unsound; and in this he practised a higher morality than those who surrender their opinions because they find them unpopular; but it must not be forgotten that he also urged the argument from expediency. His sagacity taught him the precise lesson which Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues profess to have learned from the gross teaching of events. Over and over again he warned his party that they would not be able to preserve the Corn Laws; that on the question of Protection, the progress of economical truth was steadily destroying the Conservatism which depended on mere party ties; and that their influence, their credit, and their eligibility for office could only be sustained by arraying themselves on the side of a policy which was not matter of sentiment, but of positive demonstration. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI reason in precisely the same way, except that, instead of anticipating, they argue from observation; and except that they persevere in attributing the success of Free-trade rather to chance than to the operation of any economical law.

One prominent circumstance distinguishes the present situation of the country-party from the position which they occupied when Conservatives were united. Mr. DISRAELI is their leader. His capacity is not to be questioned, and it is certain that before 1846 his status in the party with which he acted was not nearly equal to his powers. Vast sacrifices have been made in order that this unkindness of fortune to a clever aspirant might be righted. If Sir ROBERT PEEL's measures had been accepted by the bulk of his adherents in '46, Mr. DISRAELI would have run some risk of remaining in an undeserved obscurity; but, on the other hand, the Conservatives would probably have been now in office. It seems absurd to say that Sir ROBERT PEEL might have been alive, but, in fact, his death was the result of so mere an accident that the slightest displacement of circumstances might have averted it. Had he mounted his horse two minutes later, the country might not have had to mourn his loss. But, under whatever leadership, the party which he created would have secured an immense ascendancy. The Cabinet which it supported was surrounded with a prestige of statesmanship such as had attached to no Ministry since Lord CHATHAM's; and the repeal of the Corn Laws had dissipated for ever that vague distaste for Conservatism among the masses which was long kept alive by traditions of the administration of Lord LIVERPOOL. These advantages were thrown away. Mr. DISRAELI leads a large following in the House of Commons, but the fortunes of Conservatism bear an inverse ratio to Mr. DISRAELI's. Some persons believe they can be restored by cementing together the dispersed fragments of the party which once was Conservative; but they forget that, when political bodies unite, unless the fusion be so managed as to amount to an "unnatural coalition," the assertions of each section become

the admissions of the whole. While Mr. DISRAELI's elevation has been proceeding, each fraction of the Conservatives has said so much evil of the rest, that a "great united" Conservative party, if ever it be formed, will stand utterly self-condemned.

THE RIFF PIRATES AND NEUFCHÂTEL.

THE most obstinately pacific of the Great Powers has two unexpected quarrels on hand, which might easily be converted into little wars. Fortunately for Prussia, however, the Barbary coast is remote from the Baltic, and there is no right of road from the Middle Rhine to the Jura. A newspaper correspondent, familiar with the politics of Morocco, takes the opportunity of the skirmish between Prince ADALBERT and the Riff Pirates to propose a magnificent system of operations, by which the European States might contrive to spend several millions, and probably to involve themselves in various inextricable disputes. According to this magnificent scheme, the French are to sweep the African coast in one direction. The Spaniards are to meet them from Melilla. A British force, armed with Minié rifles, is to march from Tetuan in a certain direction, and to have the advantage of some forts in the rear which will offer a safe retreat in case of need. The Emperor of MOROCCO is to be compelled—of course, if necessary, at the cost of a supplementary war—to join the expedition. The crops are to be burnt; the men of the Riff are to receive no quarter; and the women and children are to be placed in the hands of the Emperor of Morocco. Oddly enough, the Prussians, who are the principals in the quarrel, appear to be altogether forgotten; but there seems to be no reason why the three Northern Powers should not each send a few regiments to manœuvre on the Western slopes of the Atlas, with the ulterior prospect of taking a part in the general hurley-burley. Strange as all this may appear, it is not at all surprising that such an adaptation of means to ends should be imagined by a retired Barbary trader, who has spent his life in watching the feuds and violences of a remote and barbarous population. Few people, as he says, know the savages and their haunts as well as himself—few people have had so many narrow escapes. What the ingenious projector does not know, is the bulk and costliness of the machinery which he proposes to set in motion. If, however, the King of PRUSSIA thinks fit to undertake a Barbary expedition on his own account, none of the European Courts will interfere with his laudable ambition.

The failure to recover the sovereignty of Neuchâtel probably lies nearer his heart. This little outlying principality was not worth much, either in revenue, in power, or in dignity; but the title which it gave to the Chief of the Hohenzollern was hereditary, and altogether independent of the Prussian people. The superiority over a petty province in Switzerland was visibly feudal and mediæval; and the remote inhabitants might without difficulty be imagined as living happily and loyally under the dominion of their German lord. When the continental thrones were reeling in the earthquake of 1848, and the King of PRUSSIA was himself coquetting with the offer of the Imperial Crown, the people of Neuchâtel shook off an allegiance which had lasted since the Congress of Vienna, and assumed their natural position as a Republican Canton in the Swiss Federation. The change, which was too insignificant to attract general notice at the time, is remarkable as being the only permanent territorial result of the great revolutionary commotion. France has lost a Constitution, and Sardinia has gained one, but the boundaries of States and the rights of Governments remain, with one exception, unchanged. It is said that this exceptional hardship rankles in the mind of the injured Prussian monarch; and although the recent insurrection may have been projected without his concurrence, there can be no doubt that he would cordially have welcomed its success.

Any circumstance which tended to the solid aggrandisement of Prussia would be consistent with sound English policy; but every foreign Court must digest as it can its own personal annoyances. The storm in the tea-cup has happily subsided; and the party of order will be profitably employed in determining its meteorological character; but political inquirers may fairly ask whether a royalist rebellion is an outbreak of anarchy or an effort of conservative heroism. If theories are to be made conformable with facts, it would seem that actual possession is the sole test of sovereign right; but it is not impossible that the unfortunate POU-

TALES may be proved to be rather a martyr than a rebel. Such, at least, seems to have been the thesis maintained by Baron MANTEUFFEL at the Congress of Paris. The assembled diplomatists were reminded that, in Neuchâtel alone, the choice of the people had overruled the parchment rights of the Prince; and they were asked to crush out, by the joint action of the Great Powers, the last revolutionary spark which yet glimmered in Europe. The force of the Prussian argument may, perhaps, have been recognised by many members of the Congress; but an armed invasion of Switzerland would have been highly inconvenient, and neither Austria nor France would have desired a foreign garrison so near their own frontiers. The total absence of any practical utility in the restoration of the legitimate dynasty may, perhaps, scarcely have been thought worthy of notice as a collateral argument against intervention; but whatever reasons may have influenced the decision, the Congress, fortunately, determined to acquiesce in the painful anomaly which formed the subject of the Prussian remonstrance.

Baron MANTEUFFEL was justified in his statement that the actual condition of Neuchâtel was inconsistent with the stipulations of treaties; but the assertion that the violation of national law was solitary and exceptional, is prompted by that peculiar theory of right which prevails in the councils of absolute monarchs. If all treaties are to be enforced, and all ancient rights revived, many Englishmen might be willing to approve of a crusade for such a purpose—even at the cost of abolishing an insignificant Republic in the Jura. The Treaty of Vienna, which sanctions the annexation of Neuchâtel to the Prussian Crown, provides also for the separation of Poland from Russia, and for the independence of the Italian States. The charters of Hungarian freedom are older than the title-deeds of the Hohenzollern. The formal promises of half the sovereigns of Europe to give constitutions to their subjects are yet waiting for fulfilment. Surely a strange confusion exists between *de jure* claims and *de facto* establishments. In former times, treason was not called treason when it prospered. In modern Europe, success requires the additional sanction which is derived from the suppression of liberty. The time-honoured institutions of England are scarcely admitted to be legitimate, while Russian and Austrian courtiers vie with each other in expressions of admiration for the new French empire and for its ruler. The most ancient and pure-blooded of Italian kings is treated as an interloper, if not as a usurper, because he maintains the freedom and independence of his people. The worst offshoot of the most degraded branch of the effete BOURBON stem tortures and imprisons all his noblest subjects, and receives the admiration of Paris and of Vienna. The King of SARDINIA might, perhaps, find supporters to enforce his claims to his *de jure* possessions in Cyprus and Jerusalem, if it was certain that his rule would be more oppressive than that of the *de facto* Ottoman Government. The right divine of kings to govern wrong has passed into a right which depends on their governing wrongly.

The maintenance of the Republican system at Neuchâtel, however deplorable, may now be regarded as a fact. For the credit of freedom, it is to be hoped that its successful assertors will make some effort to increase the respectability of their commonwealth. One of the two branches of industry which contribute to the prosperity of the canton is in every way legitimate and laudable. The industrious inhabitants make cheap watches for sale at Geneva; and if they cannot equal the work of English manufacturers, they contrive at all events, effectually to undersell them. The business of providing an asylum for English swindlers and defaulters is far less respectable. In the absence of treaties of extradition, it appears that a runaway felon, of sufficient capital, is safer in Neuchâtel than in any other part of the Continent. Calumniators assert that officials have occasionally derived pecuniary advantage from their enlarged toleration of foreigners; but it is only certain that fugitives from justice are peculiarly prone to seek retirement on the pleasant shores of the Lake of Neuchâtel. The self-government of a district scarcely larger than a parish may not, perhaps, be inconsistent with a tendency to pettiness and to jobbing; but the inhabitants of the great monarchies have little right to look down upon the Cantons of Switzerland. The Republicans of the mountains are crafty and acute men of business, who, if they admit strangers freely to their country, are by no means disposed to let them pass gratuitously. There is nothing generous, or attractive, or touching in the national character. The

Swiss prefer money to sentiment; but they prefer freedom even to gain. When an attempt is made to establish foreign dominion in their country, they are not disposed to wait for diplomatic interference, or to protest instead of using their rifles. The suppression of the Sonderbund might be an act of questionable equity; but undertaken as it was in defiance of the threats and remonstrances of Austria, it proved the courage and determination of the national character. The leaders of the Confederation were determined to have no Vendée within their borders. When the abortive insurrection at Neuchâtel occurred, neither the Canton nor the Federal Government displayed the smallest hesitation. It was not, perhaps, known at first that the attempt was rash and hopeless. If the conspirators had been backed by the whole force of the Prussian monarchy, the conduct of the Swiss authorities would have been the same. The Great Powers are wise in guaranteeing the neutrality of a Government which is so well able to repel intrusion.

The King of PRUSSIA will do well to acquiesce in the loss of his Principality. His allies, if not himself, are deeply interested in maintaining the superiority of might over technical law. In one obscure nook of the Continent, the people have, from circumstances, been able to disregard the pretensions of their legitimate ruler; and it happens that the government which they have substituted for dependency on a distant feudal superior, is recommended by common sense and by obvious convenience. A Prussian board of administration at Neuchâtel would be constantly employed in discovering plots, and in opposing the interference of the Swiss Government and of the neighbouring cantons. The Prussian Monarchy has swallowed up scores of sovereign knights and counts, in addition to numerous bishops and chapters, and free cities. Reasons of State were thought sufficient to justify the amalgamation of contiguous territories under a common government; and it is but fair, in return, to give up the pretension of maintaining an anomalous fragment of foreign royalty in the heart of the only Republican Confederation of Europe.

HOLY MOSCOW.

PHILOSOPHICAL journalists affect to despise and vilipend the gorgeous ceremonial of the Russian Coronation. We cannot say that we share in this lofty contempt. It is simple affectation not to see that one of these great pomps answers to and fulfils a natural instinct—an instinct in which the English mind sympathizes, though it takes especial pains, and even condescends to hypocrisy, to conceal its real sentiments. After all, much of what is called our national indifference to show, is only a form of *mauvaise honte*. It is with peoples as with individuals—we affect a coldness and *insouciance* which we do not feel. In our horror of sentimentalism we do violence to our real and creditable feelings. While six columns of the daily, and all the woodcuts of the weekly newspapers are filled with details of the Scythian braveries, and while "Our Own Correspondent's" most flashy and sputtering paragraphs are forwarded from the Kremlin, it is ridiculous to talk of our indifference. There is no people on earth who run more greedily after shows than the English. Even the Lord Mayor's coach attracts a crowd; and thousands press to witness "the imposing ceremonial" of Queen VICTORIA opening Parliament in a magnificent procession of two dozen troopers and six ugly carriages. The tendency of the age is to recognise the truthfulness and suitableness of form and ceremony to embody high truths, and to impress them both on thoughtful and common minds. What we fail in at home is in providing adequate means for directing the common sympathies of humanity, rather than in general apathy to stateliness and order. In the House of Commons, it is the trick of the place for both sides of the House to profess a sublime disregard for everything but the prosaic elements of Government and State craft; and the country requires of its representatives to take the high economical line in all that regards "unnecessary expenditure" in the way of court ceremonial. But even when our boast is to carry to its strictest conclusions the *esse quam videri* principle, we question whether the large majority of the British people does not, in its heart, like to see the kingly office accompanied by what used to be called "the glory of regality." At any rate, the mind of the British public is, at the present moment, about equally divided between the Queen of Oude, "her Majesty's" eunuchs and mace-bearers, and the Russian Coronation. The New-road and Moscow are crowded

by sight-seers; and Royalty is the common centre of attraction.

We will at once plead guilty to a very hearty and genuine appreciation of the Russian ceremonial. The thing itself is right—doubly right, as addressed to the various nationalities of the Russian empire; and it is especially politic, as being suited to the political and social state of that country at the present moment. We are not aware that there is any innovation in all this magnificence. There have been other splendid Royal inaugurations in the Kremlin; but *carent quia vate sacro*, because they were not written in the pyrotechnic language of the elegant and accurate historian of the Crimean campaign, their memorial has perished. It is, however, sound policy in the Russian authorities to make the most of such an occasion. The ceremonial of the coronation addresses itself to the representatives of an empire which, in mere size, presents one of the most wonderful phenomena in the history of States. Russia is not to be judged of by ordinary standards; nor is SOLOMON in all his glory to be measured by the back-parlour proprieties of an English ten-pound householder. Exceptional systems justify extraordinary splendours; and, in Russia, the curious fusion of the Oriental mind with the manners and civilization of the West, can only be embodied in processions, and pomps, and vanities, which, if they offend against the recognised canons of severe taste, at least do their work, and answer a purpose neither mean nor contemptible. At Moscow, representative men of the earliest and latest type, combine to fill out what is only the formal expression of a most remarkable political organization. The Colchian garb, which might have been of the time of JASON, and which is noticed in the procession of the representatives of the affiliated Russian States, expresses as much as, but not more than, the EMPEROR'S German uniform and French boots. Where all else seemed to revive the traditional and barbarous magnificence of the past IVANS, or to present in actual and living form the continuation of the Eastern empire, with all the cumbrous grandeur which surrounded the ivory throne of JUSTINIAN, the centre of all this splendour rides, attended by his Boyars, by the mailed cavaliers of Circassia, and by the Tartars of the far East, into the capital of the ancient Czars in the unpicturesque and unhistorical uniform of a general officer. This is significant. The East is fading away into the less ostentatious system of the West. Russia is adapting itself to the coming change. The mighty autocrat is himself the simplest figure in that endless march of notables and dignitaries, which seems to combine at once the recollections of a Roman triumph and of the processions of the Western Church. The old Scythian and Sarmatian mind is already influenced, if not pervaded, by the coming change; and the presence of the representatives of that West by which the Russian power has so recently been humbled, is significant of the rapid progress which is destined to bring Russia to her proper position in the political family of Europe. With much of what seems to isolate that country from the States of the West in the general spectacle, the EMPEROR himself displays less of the Russian bearing than his subjects.

The Coronation ceremonial is remarkable under another aspect. The whole thing has its deeply religious character. It is the solemn inauguration and anointing of a sovereign who, in the eyes of his simple subjects, is all but an incarnation of Divinity. The empire is sacerdotal as well as royal—*rex hominum Phœbique sacerdos*. The noticeable tendency of the Oriental intellect, which has culminated in the Thibetian Lama, is displayed in that hieratic character with which Russia delights to invest its Emperor. ALEXANDER is still the patriarchal intercessor as well as the ruler—the Kremlin is at once a palace and a monastery—and the Coronation is a priestly consecration, as well as a sovereign's assumption of the temporal sceptre. It has peculiar significance that in Russia the Church is but a phase of the State, and that a condition of things which, in the rest of Europe, would but depress the spiritual, in the Russian system elevates and sanctifies the temporal power. These things are probably destined to pass away even from Russia, but they certainly display in Moscow, at this moment, a truth and a conviction sufficient to distinguish a Russian coronation from the mere local pageant into which it must degenerate in a constitutional State. In this aspect, the Cathedral of Moscow, the Patriarch, the Icons, the relics and the Imperial regalia, mean something more than Dr. HOWLEY, Westminster Abbey, and the trains and plumes of Queen VICTORIA'S Court ladies.

But besides its secular and religious aspects, Russia, like other despotisms, has its domestic character. The family sentiment displayed in the coronation recommends it especially to the people. ALEXANDER and his nobles, sparkling with diamonds and loaded with barbaric pearl and gold, are not scowled at in Moscow and Kasan with that sullen envy and discontent with which the sight of smart ladies and gentlemen inspires a London mob. The Russian, even as a serf, looks at all these splendours as the glorification of a system which incorporates himself. He is part, at least, of something very showy and grand; and if he is absorbed, and his independent personality merged, it is into a satisfying and even elevating relation, where, if there is slavery on the one hand, there is the common father of his millions of children on the other. There are other than the Manchester aspects of mankind. Moscow exhibits, at the present moment, a state of things with which we can be expected to have but little sympathy; but it displays something which it is not the height of wisdom merely to disparage. Undoubtedly Russia has a great future before it. We may reasonably believe that dreams of universal empire will give way to a healthier ambition, and to the pursuit of more enduring triumphs than those which stimulated the ambition of CATHERINE or of NICHOLAS. But the rational progress of Russia, its social education, and the amelioration of its feudal system, are not to be won by the hasty abandonment of its traditions, or by the sudden adoption of a policy which the national mind is not prepared for, and which would justly offend national instincts. Nations attain their majority but slowly; and it is perhaps well for Russia that its rulers enter into the spirit of its people. The coronation is addressed eminently to the national spirit. It is celebrated in the ancient and Holy City, which is endeared to all Russian hearts far beyond anything which attracts them in the Paris of the North. It is the old Russian Court, the old Russian Church, the city of the terrible IVAN, the sacred shrine of Russian martyrs, the centre of Russian glory; and the coronation is a recognition and reward of Russian patriotism and loyalty. It recompenses while it acknowledges the terrible sacrifices which were so cheerfully paid before Sebastopol; and far from considering the coronation as a profligate waste of the means of an impoverished Empire, its extraordinary parade may have been inspired by a calculating and political wisdom.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE AT SHEFFIELD.

THE cordial reception given to the Duke of NEWCASTLE at Sheffield expresses the general feeling of the country to an able and devoted public servant. During the alarm which was excited by the sufferings of the army in the winter camp before Sebastopol, it was not to be expected that there would be leisure to determine accurately the comparative responsibility of the various departments charged with the conduct of the war. But the habit of holding public functionaries responsible for success is not without its advantages; and a change of official persons throws a veil over the past, and turns the current of public opinion. Novelty, of itself, facilitates sanguine expectations; and hopefulness is one of the first conditions of energy and of recovery. It not unfrequently happens, too, that the popular demand for change is afterwards justified by the result. When things are at the worst there comes a turn; and the efforts which have been made to grapple with calamity produce their legitimate consequence after a considerable interval. The physician is dismissed because the patient is in danger—his successor continues his remedies, and obtains the credit of the cure. The process is natural and intelligible, but it inflicts great occasional injustice on individuals. Still, one of the first lessons to be learned by the Minister of a free country is to bear misunderstanding without resentment. The Duke of NEWCASTLE is no tender and sensitive exotic, requiring to be sheltered from the variations of an uncongenial political climate. A healthy and sturdy Englishman, he has taken advantage of his station to bear a part in the direction of public affairs; and in Parliament and in office he has done faithful service to his country. He has known what it is to be applauded and to be censured, and his present position cannot be discouraging to a character equal to either fortune.

At Sheffield, even Mr. ROEBUCK was complimentary; and he seemed to be aware that his praises were equivalent to admissions by the counsel on the opposite side, or general Devil's advocate. A critical disposition diminishes the weight

of censure, but it adds to the value of occasional and exceptional eulogy. It is not improbable that the aggressive member for Sheffield may feel a certain sympathy for a public man who knows how to defend himself when he is attacked, although, as mover of the Sebastopol Committee, he seems not to have been effectually conciliated by the timidity which made his notice of motion the signal for an official resignation. However that may be, the people of Sheffield adopt, with hearty cordiality, the hesitating and measured approval of their representative, and although they may not perhaps have formed a definite historical judgment on the conduct of the war, they are nevertheless satisfied that the Minister who organized the first campaign was zealous, faithful, and indefatigable; and the personal feeling which dictated a journey of investigation to the Crimea is recognised as an additional proof of conscientious earnestness.

The policy of the descent on the Crimea will be debated among military men as long as the history of the war is remembered. In its result, however, it may be considered as highly fortunate; nor is it certain that the early disappointments which took place may not have rendered the final victory more decisive. Nowhere else could the allied armies have been so soon brought face to face with the enemy. In the Crimea, the legions of Russia were successively placed within reach of the invading forces; and instead of wasting their strength in marches and sieges, the English and French armies became every day stronger and more abundantly supplied. No doubt, the insane self-accusations of the English press did much to obscure the glory of Alma and of Inkermann; but continental soldiers and statesmen know that the resources of England were never before shown to be so colossal. The Crimean expedition is therefore sanctioned by success; and as Governments are always held responsible for failure, they may fairly claim credit for good fortune. It must, however, be admitted that the great struggle in the Crimea was an accident. The English and French Cabinets had thought it possible to take Sebastopol on the first landing of the army, and subsequent information has shown that they had good reason for their confidence; and if their scheme had been carried into execution, the Allied armies would have wintered in the town itself, or in friendly quarters on the Bosphorus. The postponement of the assault disappointed the sanguine hopes of those who projected the expedition; but the town would still have been taken if the French artillery had not been silenced on the first day of the bombardment. It was not till the morrow of Inkermann that, in opposition to strong remonstrances, Lord RAGLAN formed the heroic resolution of wintering before Sebastopol. Large supplies, intended to meet this contingency, were already on the way; and even after the disastrous storm of the 14th of November, vast accumulations of stores remained in the harbour of Balaklava.

For the original resolution to attack Sebastopol, both the Western Cabinets were responsible. No individual Minister could have carried out so momentous a resolution without the active concurrence of his colleagues; nor could either of the great confederates have undertaken the operation singly. The Ministry were aware of the preparations which were to be made, and of the exact amount of available reserves. No doubt the SECRETARY-FOR-WAR must have acquiesced in their conclusions, and he may probably have suggested them; but his individual share in the transaction is principally confined to his executive activity. His untiring energy failed to obviate difficulties which could only be discovered and overcome on the spot; but the Duke of NEWCASTLE had appointed the most competent general who could be found in the service, and he placed at his disposal all the resources of men and material which the Empire could furnish at the moment. The selection of Lord RAGLAN has been justified by the impossibility of finding a competent successor. The exertions of the War Office during the winter, produced their result in the rapid improvement which took place in the ensuing spring. No living statesman is entitled to boast that he could himself have secured earlier success; and the subsequent improvement in the condition of the army cannot be traced to any change in the administrative policy of the Department. It may be added that no enemy has ever accused the ex-Minister of any act of favouritism or of jobbing. The materials for the selection of officers were not unlimited; and in the secondary appointments, the Horse Guards necessarily exercised an influence. It was not until a later period, that the telegraph puzzled the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF with personal recommendations.

If the Duke of NEWCASTLE had been a deliberate speculator for personal aggrandisement, his course would have been perfectly simple. When the new Secretaryship was created, he might have retained the Colonial department, in which he already possessed a well-earned reputation. A colleague might have been compelled to undertake the management of the war, with the certainty that the failures likely to occur at the commencement of the campaign would be laid to his charge. The COLONIAL SECRETARY might have amused himself with a tour during the summer, and watched with complacent curiosity the struggles of an overworked rival. When the difficulties of the winter had excited general alarm, and before it was known that steps had been taken to remove them, the calm spectator might have stepped in to profit by the experience of his predecessor, and to substitute his own popularity for some used-up reputation. Long before the result was known, small political critics had foreseen the consequences to leaders of parties, and chuckled over the anticipated triumph of a clique at the expense of the nation; but the Duke of NEWCASTLE will not be thought the worse of by his countrymen because he calculated ill for his own temporary popularity. In the absence of any competitor of pre-eminent qualifications, he took upon himself the most difficult and dangerous post in the Government, and if he incurred censure and partial failure—

Magnis tamen excidit ausis.

TRANSPORTATION.

THE Report of the Select Committee on Transportation—and the evidence taken before that Committee, are now before the public, and call for some immediate comments. The specific purpose for which the Committee was appointed was to inquire into the working of the Act (Vict. 16 and 17, c. 99) for substituting Penal Servitude for Transportation, and into the much discussed operation of Tickets-of-Leave; but several collateral points were investigated, and a considerable amount of valuable information and many weighty opinions were elicited. We cannot say, however, that we concur in all the conclusions and recommendations at which the Committee have arrived; but as we are unable to discuss the whole in one paper, we prefer, first, to lay before our readers the result which the evidence taken forces on the mind regarding the one special topic of Transportation—a matter on which the Resolutions of the Committee by no means tally with the testimony of the most competent witnesses produced before them. These Resolutions are as follows:—

1. That the punishment of transportation is more effectual and deterring, better adapted for the ultimate reformation of convicts, and more beneficial to this country, than any other secondary punishment for serious crimes which has yet been tried.
2. That the Committee, therefore, recommended the continuation of the sentence of transportation, so far as her Majesty's dominions may afford safe and proper facilities for that purpose.

Now, in the first place, we have to observe that all parties—Members of Committee, Judges, Directors of Prisons, police officers, &c.—cling to Transportation as a resource for disposing of our criminals which it is most desirable to extend, and which it would be most disastrous to surrender. But there is no clear comprehension, and no general consent as to the reason of this universal partiality. Some value it as a punishment, some as a reformatory resource. Lord CAMPBELL and Judge BALL consider it to be the most deterring secondary sentence they can pass; but the latter dignitary, with a modesty to which the former is a stranger, admits that his means of forming an opinion are slight and scanty, being confined to the expression of dismay, *in Court*, proceeding from the prisoner, or more commonly from his friends. No other witnesses share this opinion—an opinion which every one conversant with the character and sentiments of criminals knows to be wholly, and indeed notoriously incorrect. Lord CAMPBELL goes so far as to declare Transportation to be a heavier and more dreaded punishment than imprisonment or penal servitude; and we should be more inclined to comment with severity upon his Lordship's strange assertion, were it not for the confusion of mind which seems to have prevailed universally among both Legislators and Ministers upon this question. In truth, our action in this matter has been marked by a curious infelicity. Parliament first recognises the undoubted fact that "penal servitude," as recently organised, is a far more severe punishment than transportation, by enacting that six years of the former shall be held equivalent to ten or

more years of the latter, and four of the former (or in reality *three*, the last year being often passed in freedom with a "ticket-of-leave") to seven of the latter. It then proceeds, by implication, to reverse its own classification, by enacting that *actual* transportation—*bona-fide* banishment beyond seas—shall be inflicted only on those who have been sentenced to be transported for fourteen years or more, *i. e.* on the worst offenders. Now it is in evidence, and it is beyond a doubt, that a sentence of penal servitude is not only exceedingly severe, but is becoming more and more dreaded every year, as its real character becomes known. Imprisonment becomes a heavier punishment, Mr. Waddington assures us, every day it lasts, till criminals would gladly escape the third year of confinement at the cost of many years' transportation. And finally, the great general intelligence of the more hardened and thorough offenders has taught them how much better their prospects are in the colonies than at home, so that their anxiety is great to be really, instead of only nominally, transported—a feeling which of course the gold discoveries have increased and confirmed. Yet in the face of this, we have actually, by our last statute, reserved this desirable issue for the greatest criminals, and inflicted the genuine punishment upon the minor fry. The worst are sent to try their luck at the Antipodes; the less bad drag out their wretched time at Bermuda, Gibraltar, or Portland. This anomaly is doubly mischievous—it fills Western Australia—our sole remaining vent—with the most desperate and incorrigible offenders, and it apportioned the lightest punishment to the blackest villains.

We are bound, in common decency and common sense, to come to an understanding with ourselves upon this matter at once, and not go on, as we have been doing, saying one thing and doing another, or saying and unsaying the same thing in a breath. The truth is that Transportation is a most invaluable resource in the treasury of penal legislation; but it is valuable, not as a *punishment*, but as a *boon*, and it ought so to be regarded. If, as Captain CROFTON and others suggest, actual removal to Western Australia—to a new scene, and an opening for honest industry—be reserved for those whose conduct during the early portion of their sentence has been irreproachable, who have manifested a sincere desire for reformation and recovery, and have earned a title to leniency and favour—if, in short, we send thither only our most hopeful and least hardened convicts, we shall be able to hold out to prisoners one of the greatest motives to good conduct, and we shall have a fair prospect of so benefiting the colony, by those we send out, that colonists will be able to profit by their labour, and will be both anxious and able to absorb more. If, on the other hand, we persist in our insane plan of shipping off the very scum of our convicts, we may be certain that the experiment will fail, as all previous experiments, vitiated by a similar blunder, have failed; and that our last convict colony will refuse, as all the others have refused, to be swamped any longer by so marvellous a mixture of cruelty and folly. It is in evidence—not only in this Blue-book, in the testimony of Mr. ELLIOT, but in previous ones—that some of the last convicts sent out, especially those from Ireland, were so bad and so unmanageable, that the free settlers had remonstrated, and were beginning to dread, instead of to desire them. Their villany was more than a set-off against their labour.

In the next place, we observe with regret that the Committee, instead of manfully facing the real difficulty of the case before them, have in reality shirked it. Instead of endeavouring to find an efficient and satisfactory punishment to be substituted for transportation, now that transportation has become impossible, except to a most limited extent, and liable to be forcibly terminated altogether on the shortest notice, they have done little more than lament its curtailment, and recommend that it shall, if possible, be continued and extended. They do not see what to do in case it is relinquished, and they therefore refuse to meet and acknowledge the inevitable necessity of its relinquishment. Yet the logical and conclusive evidence of Mr. ELLIOT—than whom no one can be better qualified to speak upon the subject—ought, one would imagine, to have satisfied the most tenacious scepticism on this head.

The case stands thus:—A penal colony is wanted either as a prison and a place of punishment, or as a new community, where antecedents are unknown, where labour is in great request and is amply remunerated, where there is no difficulty in leading an honest life, and where, therefore,

the reformed convict who sincerely wishes to become a worthy member of society may find it possible and even easy to do so. If the former—if the colony be designed and is to be used as a place of confinement and infliction, why, Wandsworth Common would be a fitter locality than the Antipodes—securer, cheaper, more efficient. A *gaol* cannot be too close under our eyes; for when it is under our immediate observation its accounts will be best inspected, and its officers best supervised, while abuses, whether of laxity or of harshness, will most speedily be detected and most promptly rectified. Not only is it certain to be more ably managed, but under equal management it is certain to be much less costly. If nothing else is saved, the expense of transporting the convicts 12,000 miles for the purpose of punishing them, and of paying gaolers and superintendents double salaries for going to and remaining at the world's end, will be saved. If, on the other hand, we regard transportation as a reward, and a colony as a *Refuge* for the well-disposed and repentant convict when liberated conditionally or unconditionally, then the settlement to which we send him must fulfil the conditions of such a refuge. It must contain a great preponderance of free and industrious settlers. It must be a spot in which labour is eagerly sought for and well paid. It must be large enough and populous enough to absorb imperceptibly the reformed convicts who may be sent thither. It must be flourishing enough to afford them rational hopes of prospering and rising. It must be free from any circumstances of singular and overwhelming temptation. And, lastly, it must be a colony to which the reformados can be sent with the consent and good-will of the honest settlers. Now it is obvious that we neither possess nor can create such a settlement. The Cape might have been such a settlement; but we all know that the Cape refused, under menace of rebellion, to receive a single convict, whether reformed or not, and that the mother-country acquiesced in that refusal. New Zealand was an unsuitable spot for the purpose on account of the presence of a warlike aboriginal population; and, suitable or not, it was out of the question for the same reason as the Cape. The Australian colonies, with a single exception, have equally refused to be employed as a refuge for our criminals; and even if they had not, the gold discoveries would have rendered them the very last places to which to send men whose new-born virtue you especially desire to shield from inordinate trial. Western Australia, which is willing to receive convicts, is not prospering, and appears likely to absorb but few; but no one who reads Mr. ELLIOT'S evidence, and notices the startling fact that, while the free population numbers only about 6000, we have already since 1850 shipped thither 4000 convicts, will be inclined to regard this colony as offering us a very rich or hopeful resource. The West Indies are unavailable on account of climate, even if there were no other insurmountable objections; and the North American provinces are too well supplied with honest emigrants to listen for a moment to the proposal of accepting convict labour. So much for our existing colonies.

Several individuals have suggested, in despair, the establishment of one or more *new* penal settlements in some hitherto uninhabited portion of our vast colonial dominions—e.g., Hudson's Bay, Vancouver's Islands, the Gulf of Carpentaria, North Australia, or the Falkland Islands; and under Mr. GLADSTONE a scheme of this sort was not only seriously entertained, but all the details of it were worked out on paper. Happily, wiser counsels and fuller consideration led to its abandonment. Now, without entering upon the special objections which exist, and which are clearly stated by Mr. ELLIOT, to each of these localities individually, it is obvious, on a moment's reflection, that none of them could fulfil the requirements of the case. A *new* penal settlement can never be a refuge for the reclaimed convict. It will contain neither capitalists to employ him, nor a community of free colonists to absorb him. To answer the purposes of its foundation, five honest emigrants ought to go out for every convict; and what inducement could be held out to such to direct the stream of emigration to a new and artificial settlement? Land is to be had cheap enough in any colony, so land for nothing would be no bribe. Free labourers would not like to go where convict labourers are sent; and capitalists know that free emigration has of late years been so abundant that colonists are not likely to lack hands wherever they may settle. A penal settlement made on purpose, will, in the present state of the world, be simply a congregation of liberados and officers. It may be a bad

prison: it cannot be a good refuge. The Committee, therefore, have been hankering after what would be either undesirable or impracticable. They have not solved the Sphinx's riddle they were set to read. They were asked:—"What should be done now that we are compelled to abandon transportation?" And they have done little else than reply:—"We do not like the idea of abandoning transportation."

IRELAND.

THE Census Commissioners for Ireland have at length completed their laborious and useful task by the publication of their General Report. The abstract which appeared within a few months after the Census had been taken, and the various partial reports which have been published from time to time, have not deprived the present concluding summary of its interest. The broad outlines of the change which passed over Ireland in the decade whose results are summed up in the Census of 1851, are pretty generally known; but the exact statistics now given to the world have not only confirmed the general impression of the regeneration of Ireland, but have gone beyond the estimates of the most sanguine. Few countries have ever undergone, in so short a period as ten years, so many physical and social transformations as the once unchangeable land of poverty and rebellion, and no instance is on record of a progress so rapid and decided as that which has followed the severe visitations which Irishmen have endured. The interval from 1841 to 1851 saw the culmination and the collapse of the Repeal agitation—the extinction of the last hope of insurrection in the cabbage garden of Ballingarry—the destruction of the potato, with its frightful consequences of famine and pestilence—the subversion of the territorial system of the country by the operations of the Encumbered Estates Court—the growth of an emigration which has now removed millions of the population to countries which offer a larger field for industry—the gradual introduction of scientific methods of farming—the immigration of some thousands of active Saxon improvers—the substitution of habitable dwellings for mud hovels—the increase of food coupled with the decrease of population, and the growth of the labourer's wages to something approaching an English standard.

The suffering and sorrow by which these advantages have been gained are terrible to think of, even in the past, but the expiation of old errors has not been fruitless, as may be seen from the record of the harvest of improvement which the Census supplies. The total decrease of the population has long been known. Upwards of eight millions, in 1841, had dwindled to six millions and a half in 1851, and if the natural increase be assumed to be equal to that of England, namely, one per cent. per annum, the loss from emigration, famine, and the consequent decrease of births, reaches the enormous amount of nearly two millions and a half. One half of that loss is accounted for by emigration, and a comparatively small part must be attributed to the decline in the number of children born; but after every allowance has been made the number of the victims of famine and fever is frightfully large. But this is the only gloomy thought suggested by the Report, and it relates exclusively to the past. All that bears upon the future is full of promise. Notwithstanding the loss of so many labourers, the breadth of land under cultivation was one-tenth greater in 1851 than in 1841, and the result is, that each square mile of arable land has to support only 231 instead of 335 persons. For some time after the great thinning of the population, it was feared that the number of hands would not be sufficient to keep the land in cultivation, and any one who visited Ireland a few years ago may remember the energetic agitation by which the priests vainly sought to stay the exodus which has been the chief cause of the present improvement of the country. The loss of their fees was often alleged to be the evil which they really dreaded; but we are satisfied that they entertained a *bond fide* apprehension, which was shared indeed by most Irishmen, that the emigration would leave the land empty, and its fields a wilderness. The Census shows how groundless such fears were, and a little faith in the operation of natural influences would have satisfied the most timorous that the supposed excess of the emigration would correct itself as soon as the scarcity of labour had raised its value sufficiently to enable the peasant to live in decency and comfort. But while the rural population was diminished, that of the great towns showed a marked increase. When subsistence was no longer to be won from the soil,

the last resource was a flight to the nearest city; and, notwithstanding the prevalence of unusual sickness, and the return of many of the agricultural population to their former homes, the density of the population of the cities was largely and permanently increased. Thus Galway became more than one third larger than it had been ten years before; Belfast grew nearly as much; and Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, and Cork, received important additions to their numbers.

While the proportion of food to mouths enormously increased, a corresponding improvement was made in the dwellings of the people. The number of houses diminished nearly in the same ratio as the number of inhabitants; but as the proportion of uninhabited dwellings in 1851 was much larger than before, it may be assumed that the destruction did not go too far. But it is necessary to look to the classification of the Census Commissioners in order to appreciate the immense change which has taken place in the quality of the house accommodation of the poorer classes. In the Report, houses of different degrees of accommodation are arranged under four divisions, of which the last comprises only the mud cabin with one room, which was, a few years ago, almost the only habitation to which an Irish peasant aspired. Of these wretched huts there were in 1841 about half a million. Ten years later, only 135,000 remained, while many new houses of a better kind had been built, the proportionate increase being highest in those of the best quality. Not only has the necessary removal of houses no longer needed taken place exclusively in the lowest class of cabins, but a considerable proportion of the inhabitants who have remained in the country have removed from filthy hovels to decent dwellings. The disappearance of so large a proportion of the rural inhabitants, and the concurrent tendency to migrate from the country and smaller towns to the large cities, has produced a corresponding change in the statistics of employment. Instead of finding, as formerly, 66 per cent. of the population engaged in agriculture, the present Return shows a percentage of only 53. Manufactures and trades occupy the same proportionate numbers as before, while the number classed under the general head of "other pursuits" has risen from 10 to 23 per cent. The last item is regarded by the Commissioners as a favourable symptom, inasmuch as the class includes professional and independent persons, but some of the other tables point to a less satisfactory explanation of part at least of the change. If we look only at the totals for all Ireland, it is true that the proportion of families dependent on vested means, and professional labour has increased by about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while at the other end of the scale those who live by manual labour only amount to fifty in place of sixty per cent. of the whole population. Such figures furnish the best possible evidence of the increase of wealth, but still we find a decrease of two per cent. in the richest class in the civic districts, while the number of families which have no ostensible, or at least no specified means of living, is, in the country, three times as large as in 1841, and in the towns also it has been somewhat increased. It is rather difficult to account for such a change. One would have thought that with fewer workers, and more land to be tilled, the proportion of idlers ought to have been less, and no one who is familiar with the aspect of Ireland will believe that the figures given in the census indicate an increase in the class of vagabonds who live by their wits. If that were the case, it would be the solitary instance of deterioration in the midst of universal improvement; but we are more disposed to ascribe the result to some difference in the strictness of the classification adopted at the two epochs which are brought into comparison. That this is the true explanation is rendered almost certain by the fact that the number of persons, as distinguished from families, who are returned as having no specified occupation has diminished, and the only unsatisfactory figures in the return may therefore safely be set down to the machinery employed, rather than to any deterioration in the condition of any part of the people.

The statistics of education are as favourable as those which indicate the material state of the country. Those who can both read and write form a much larger proportion than in 1841—the improvement however being greater in women than in men, and in the country than in the large towns. As might have been anticipated, the number of widows and married was found to have increased, and that of the widowed to have diminished since the previous census—an inevitable consequence of the mortality which had carried off

so many victims, and of the sudden check to marriages which followed the calamitous year of scarcity. A curious table, which is given for the first time in this Census, looks like an indication of the approaching extinction of the Irish language. Less than five per cent. of the population have returned themselves as ignorant of English, and not a fourth of the whole are able to speak the original language of their country. Among the educational facts, it is pleasant to find that the soldiers stationed in Ireland, at the date of the Census, produced a remarkably large proportion of readers and writers. Many of the same causes which conduced to the prosperity of Ireland, in the interval between the famine and the Census, have undoubtedly continued to operate with still greater force in the years that have since elapsed. The land is daily being freed from the remaining incumbrances upon it; agriculture improves more rapidly than ever; wealth is visibly increasing; crime is fast abating; and disaffection has vanished. The most striking change since 1851 is the turn of the tide of emigration. The number of emigrants reached their maximum in 1852, since which year they have fallen from 190,000 to 90,000. Emigration was, perhaps, the most powerful agent in the renovation of Ireland, but the rapid decrease in the annual catalogue of exiles is proof that its work is almost done, and that Ireland has reached a stage of well-being and civilization which no longer presents the wretched alternative of starvation or flight, but promises, in the absence of unforeseen calamities, an easy and rapid progress in the career of prosperity and tranquillity on which, for the first time in her history, Ireland has now fairly entered.

SPIRITUAL NEWS.

AMONGST the disgraceful mysteries brought to light by the trial of the wretched murderer Dove, none was more surprising to a large class of persons than the influence which Harrison the wizard exercised over his dupe. To those, however, who see much of the coarser forms of crime, there was nothing surprising in it. Monstrous follies and wild superstitions were never more rife amongst certain classes of the population than they are now. We are just beginning to teach a considerable number of people something about reading, writing, ciphering, and a few other elementary branches of knowledge; but the most sanguine person cannot reasonably expect to see a time when any imposture, however gross and revolting, will fail to delude a considerable number of disciples. If any one doubts our assertion, we would recommend to his notice a paper which has been so fortunate as to prolong its existence to the end of its first volume—apparently a pretty thick one—under the title of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*. It contains a number of extraordinary communications from the spiritual world, and is published in weekly parts, on extremely bad paper and in very poor type, at the small price of one penny.

We have already called the attention of our readers to some peculiarly absurd manifestations of this disgusting folly, but the *Spiritual Telegraph* is a psychological curiosity. It is one of the most curious illustrations of the bad side of the character of ignorant Englishmen that we have ever seen. It is coarse, clumsy, very stupid, and characteristically stuffed with the crudest and most slovenly kind of theological speculation. It leaves upon the mind the impression of having been written by some one bred up as a Dissenting minister of the stricter and smaller kind, who had addled his brains with something meant for infidelity; and yet it is not ill-natured or ill-intentioned. With a great deal of fine writing, and not a little bad grammar, it blunders along, announcing, in a maudering, clumsy manner, the most barefaced nonsense that it was ever our misfortune to read—not parading it, or arguing in favour of it, but simply stating it as something which the writer happens to know, and which it may perhaps be interesting to the rest of the world to hear. Stolid matter-of-fact narrative, heavy nonsense, and an utter absence of all imagination are the common characteristics of all that the spirits and their chroniclers have to say. The editorial articles are of precisely the same character. Take, for example, the following:—"As a matter of cause and effect, spiritualism will be opposed by both priest and despot. Atheist and creedist will refuse to acknowledge the claims of the spirits, and if Omnipotence were not at the wheel, we might despair of success." The last statement does not surprise or stagger the writer at all. He happens to know that Omnipotence is at the wheel—says so, and leaves it. The contributions of which these gems are specimens, are followed by an account of "Crystal Seership"—one of the offshoots of spirit-rapping which "revolve in concentric circles around their central orb, and partake of the notice which it obtains." It appears that one "Mr. Brown has arisen at Nottingham," and that "Mr. Hockley diffuses his light from Croydon." Mr. Brown has taken up the crystal line of business; but the *Spiritual Telegraph* does not altogether approve of the spirits whom he has got hold of, though

it quite believes in their existence. They are not quite sound, for example, about the early chapters of Genesis, though they are right enough about the Deluge; for, says the *Spiritual Telegraph*, "There has been various great deluges, the traditions of Noah and Deucalion indicate, and science also attests." It will be interesting to Biblical critics to know that "the crystal spirits disown the plagues of Egypt and the temptation of Job;" and our prophetic students will be pleased to hear that "Anti-Christ they state to be the King of the North." Perhaps the most characteristic thing about them is that, like the *Spiritual Telegraph*, they object to capital punishments. We do not doubt it. There is a class of persons who are naturally sore on the subject of gibbets, and proverbially disinclined to talk about ropes. We should like to know their views on the law about rogues and vagabonds, and on the 9 Geo. II. c. 5, which provides that those individuals who pretend to exercise witchcraft shall go to prison for a year, and stand in the pillory into the bargain. Mr. Brown, who has arisen at Nottingham, had better take an opinion as to the construction of this Act before he "consecrates" any more crystals. Is there anything worse in the worship of Mumbo Jumbo than the disgusting mixture of blasphemy and absurdity involved in such a performance as this:—

As spirits are of two kinds—celestial or good, and aerial or evil—it is advised by Mr. Brown, in order to prevent the deceptions of the latter, that all crystals should be consecrated by a solemn invocation of God. This was the course he took himself. He set apart and purified an upper room for the purpose, spread a white cloth on the table in the midst, placed thereon the crystal, a vessel filled with perfumes, and a lighted lamp, fed with olive oil; and then prayed that he might be divested of all evil and worldly desires, and be fitted to stand in the presence of celestial beings. The next step was in another prayer, to invoke Almighty God to pour down his holy and heavenly influence upon the Crystal; and after this followed a form of invocation to the Archangel Michael that he would permit the guardian angel of such a one to appear, and when it appeared, another form of inquiry was addressed to it. Furthermore, he is particular that the Crystal-seer should bare his head and feet, and that on the table the crystal should be placed to the east, the lamp to the south, and the vessel of perfume to the north.

The sight of a fellow "consecrating" the stoppers of his decanters is certainly one which makes us wish that a moderate dose of the stocks could be administered without prejudice to the great principle of toleration.

Even "Crystal Seership" yields in absurdity to the "Monthly Record," which preserves the "communications obtained by the tipping process." It appears that, "after the circle had been set for some time," the spirit of Robert Burns entered and gave some good advice about the formation of a "sacred circle—one for purely spiritual purposes." As a specimen of the free and easy way in which the "tipping process" enables spirits in the flesh to converse with those who are disembodied, we give the following specimen. The spirits abbreviate their spelling, probably because "tipping" is a tedious affair:—

It was then asked how they should proceed to elect the proper parties to compose such a circle.

Answer. "Let those who are satisfied of our presence with you volunteer. Never mind how few you have for a beginning: by the time you have got one or two trance mediums, and some writing mediums, and have begun to receive instruction from such intelligences as I could name, you will have no lack of numbers."

Some person inquired if Burns could inform them who he expected to be able to entrance.

Answer. *It will not be me that will entrance the mediums.*

After some more talk, certain other spirits began "tipping." They observed that they were "grateful to our friend Burns for his services in helping to bring about such a state of mind amongst you. He has been influenced by the best of motives, and though fond of a joke, yet his object on all occasions was to instruct you in what was conducive to your present and eternal good."

The spirits having recommended that the proceedings should commence by reading a lesson from the Bible, "one of the circle inquired if the spirits who were communicating would oblige us, by giving their names"—which polite request produced in due time the following curious list:—

Wesley,	Volney,	Cicero,	Mahomet,
Channing,	Priestley,	Swedenborg,	Combe,
Luther,	Whitfield,		

and many of the Apostles and Prophets of old, besides others of whom you have not heard.

The 13th chapter of the 1st of Corinthians was read on the occasion. We hope that particular attention was paid to the verses, "Whether there be tongues, they shall cease," and "when I became a man, I put away childish things." On another occasion, after the 8th of Romans had been made the subject of a similar profanation, "a quantity of letters was tipped out, but no distinct words could be formed of them." From what Burns said in explanation of them, it seemed that they were to represent the confused or inharmonious state of the circle. It was also tipped out that Robert Burns had been "trying to entrance two of the mediums"—we suppose to the tune of "We're a' noddin'." The life of a "tipping" spirit has its hardships. Andrew Combe, we are sorry to say, can testify to it, though his grammar is the worse for wear. "This," he says, "can only be done by me being able to make myself better understood;" "and we have great difficulty in doing this by the present process [i.e. tipping out their communications by single letters]. You may easily satisfy yourselves of this," says the much-enduring Combe, "by trying to tip out a few of your own thoughts." But in process of time, and after a good deal of practice, he means "to

try to impress one of the mediums, and tip through the other;" but this "will require more seriousness than I can easily impress upon your mind." His zeal in the cause is, however, inextinguishable; for a month after the above communication, we find a long article on the physical evidences of Spirit, Presence, and Power, signed—

ANDREW COMBE,
DUGALD STEWART,
ROBERT BURNS,
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

That too many cooks spoil the broth, is the only conceivable explanation of the circumstance that Franklin should ever have put his name to such an unbaptized headroll of jargon as this:—

When we visit your dwelling, and when, for instance, you form a circle of harmonious persons round a suitable table—a circle of persons who can succeed to mediumize the table, the walls of the room, or any other object within the sphere of their influence—we are in such circumstances able to mediumize such harmonious persons, and often the inanimate objects charged, or saturated with their vital forces; and through these mediumized electrical conductors we are able to vibrate, move, attract, control, and direct those tangible objects as well as kindred spirits. The material constituents which compose men's physical bodies are alike. But there are in an in-harmonious circle of mentally-discordant persons elements of spirit repulsion—of volcanic explosion.

When a number of harmonious persons are reverently sitting in a circle, formed for the purpose of receiving and examining the teaching of spirits, an equilibrium of their electrical vital force is established; and then some one of their number is found out and selected whose nervous system is more easily charged with and controlled by our influence and power. Perceiving what part of his nature is thus most harmonious with our own, we stand near him, and place ourselves in direct contact or connexion with that part.

Elsewhere we find a profession of faith. A spirit came and showed a map of the other world. We owe our readers an apology for extracting part of what follows, but it is well to know the revolting and blasphemous character which this kind of folly and knavery assumes—a folly which certainly comes very near, if it does not actually fall within, the limit at which it would become the proper object of legal punishment as an offence against common decency and good manners:—

All things being duly prepared, the officiating spirit would begin his work in a very rapid and off-hand manner, as though the idea to be presented on the map was a visible and quite familiar reality to him. On the left side of the paper, and quite at the top, were drawn, in yellow paint, a circular form, like unto the sun, intended to represent God. A little to the right of this a smaller circle was drawn, like unto the moon, and intended to represent Christ. These two figures were connected together by a yellow line drawn from one to the other, intending to show that Christ, as the moon of heaven, received his light from God, the Sun of heaven.

Down at the very bottom of the paper, on the left side, is a representation of three hells, or lower spheres, rising one above the other—the lower one being the residence of devils and the vilest of characters. At some distance above the uppermost hell, or third sphere, commences the intermediate spheres, rising immediately one above the other, and numbered respectively fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh. These are abodes of those spirits who are not bad enough for hell, or good enough for heaven. These answer to the Purgatory of the Romish Church. The numeral gradations of the spheres, of course are residences of those spirits whose states correspond thereto.

Some of the spiritual visions and the explanations of them are wonderful enough. A medium had the distinguished honour of seeing a great many drains, streams, pools, and rivers. They are interpreted to him as follows:—

Since thou art anxious to know more respecting the meaning of those ditches and drains, I must inform thee that a ditch is to teach thee that men sometimes receive their knowledge from pulpit and platform orators. The drains are illustrative of those who receive theirs from reading scientific books. There are others that seem to derive their knowledge from deep study, which are represented by those supplied from internal springs, which are not always visible to the naked eye.

If the medium would turn his attention to the very dirtiest puddle in the whole spiritual chart, he would have a lively representation of those who "receive their knowledge" from the tipping process.

In the concluding number of the first volume, we are favoured with a series of sermons by spirits. They are all announced in the most business-like manner. Thus:—

Spirit—Richard Hudson, Hipperholme.

Text—"The heavens declare the glory of God."

SECOND COMMUNICATION.—Spirit—Edwin Laycock, Cleckheaton, left this sphere 108 years since, aged 37.—Then follows a hymn, by Edwin Laycock, showing, amongst other things, that "truth" rhymes with "whole."

Spirit Robert Davidson preaches on "Think not that I come to send peace on earth." Spirit Davidson spells irresistible with an a. Spirit Joseph Brown, of Slithwaite, also contributes a hymn. The most wonderful revelation in the *Spiritual Telegraph* refers to the Czar Nicholas. As a specimen, perhaps unique in its kind, we give it entire.

THE CZAR IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

5th of April, 1855.

"When the angels first brought the Czar Nicholas into the spiritual world," said Annie, "he could not breathe, and they had to lay him gently on his back, and remain beside him for two days. After that time he began to move a little, and asked for water. The angels brought him water; but he rejected it, and threw it over the angels who offered him it. He wanted natural water, but not being able to receive the correspondence, 'Truth,' he refused it, and so withdrew himself from the angels. He then sank down into a dark and dirty place, but some good spirits came to his assistance, and brought him a mixture to drink, very muddy-looking, but which being accommodated to his state, he was enabled to swallow. This revived him, and the good spirits then conveyed him to a house, and showed him every attention. The Emperor imagines that he must have lost his crown from political events, and that

he has taken refuge with these good people, to whom he promises great rewards when he regains his throne, which he tells them he is sure to do. He moreover assures them that soon there will be only one King over all the world, and that he is to be that King or Emperor; not that he desires, he adds, this pre-eminence himself, but that it is his destiny. His state is notwithstanding capable of regeneration," said the Seerss, "because he wished to do what he thought was right, and his own cause he fancied a just one. The Czar is on the left side of the World of Spirits."

SECOND STATE OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

10th of May, 1855.

On inquiring of our Seerss to-day if she had heard since of the Czar, whilst in the trance, she said, "Yes; your friend (the General) tells me that he was last seen in an iron cage; he had become so domineering, the good spirits could not manage him. They have given him a sofa, chair and table, with pen, ink and paper, and he is to be kept there until he signs a 'treaty of peace.' Sometimes the Emperor appears to be more conformable, and agrees to sign the conditions, and at other times he will not; then he pretends he will sign it, but inwardly determines to make it void when he chooses."

But with this thought in his mind (according to the order of SPIRITUAL laws) he cannot make the pen write. Still he tries to make them believe that he has signed it, and hands it gravely over to the good spirits, who smile, and quietly give the Czar his document back again, saying that nothing has been written. But he is not unhappy: in fact, he had begun to make a little progress before this state, and even to learn a few truths, and a beautiful palace had been lent him to live in; but he soon wanted all the parks and gardens around, and the other palaces in sight as well; and his Majesty became so angry and domineering, when told that he could not have the property of others, and be allowed to have all his own way, that the spirits were obliged to confine him in an iron cage: he does not see the bars; it appears to him as a small room which he chooses to occupy. The Czar even says that he would rather remain there than be annoyed with the spirits wanting to talk to him every time he goes out. He walks up and down with quite a grand air, for he is mercifully not permitted yet to see his real state, but lives in a kind of fantasy of his own greatness. He can, however, be regenerated, and if truths are presented to him mildly, he will gradually receive them."—*Spiritual Herald*.

The whole paper is a characteristic one. The back page is occupied by two advertisements, one of which informs us, in large capitals, that moral and spiritual sciences are discriminated, and that the Bible is dissolved, and its value defined in Divine illumination, just communicated from the spirit spheres, Part I., price 6d. The other tells us, probably with equal truth, that John Harrison and Son are unequalled printers of advertisements for tea-dealers, grocers, druggists, drapers, mill-owners, &c.

Every state of society has its characteristic evils, and as every class in society has its superstitions, it is perhaps extravagant to hope that, under any circumstances, the body politic will be free from them; but we do not think that any form of superstition is so revolting as that which is shown by the existence of such papers as the *Spiritual Telegraph*. It may be that the picturesque character of the old belief in witches, ghosts, and fairies was only the effect of their comparative antiquity, and that in fact they were vulgar and silly enough; but such traditions implied, at any rate, some imagination, and some reverence. The most disgusting part of the spirit-rapping absurdity is that the ghosts are neither more nor less than a stupid edition of the ghost-seers—beings whose utterances would be altogether unreadable were it not that they occasionally assume a form contrasting rather grotesquely with the origin assigned to them. We are inclined to think that the most offensive thing about them is their philanthropy and piety. The *Spiritual Telegraph* is full of denunciations of "selfishness," "extortion," "expediency," "priestcraft," &c. &c., and it is, we must say, one of a series of provocations which tempts us to join in the lamentations of Carlyle over "an age of impostors, cutpurses, swindlers, double-goers, enthusiasts, ambiguous persons, quacks simple, quacks compound, crack-brained or with deceit prepense, quacks and quackeries of all colours and kinds . . . as if Bedlam had broken loose; or as if, rather, in that spiritual twelfth hour of the night, the Everlasting Pit had opened itself, and from its still blacker bosom had issued Madness and all manner of shapeless misbirths to masquerade and chatter there."

CLASSIFICATION OF PUNISHMENTS.

IN a late article on the Prerogative of Pardon, we pointed out the necessity which exists for the establishment of a Court empowered to grant new trials in criminal cases, and for transferring the responsibility of advising the Crown as to the exercise of the power of commuting sentences, from the Home Secretary to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. One of the principal advantages of the latter measure would be that it would afford some prospect of the redress of one of the most serious objections to our administration of criminal justice. It is often said that, whatever may be the theoretical defects of our system—though it may be contradictory, confused, and based upon mere temporary expedients instead of broad principles—though it may be open, in fact, to hostile criticism from every quarter—it at least works well. It commands the respect of the population, and distributes substantial justice without respect to persons or circumstances. Indeed, there is a large class of persons who, taking refuge under the shadow of the word "practical," rather enjoy the enumeration of the defects of English law as a refutation of the theorists. We are always suspicious of such arguments, if they deserve the name. People who boast of being right in practice, though they are wrong in theory, are generally like boys who copy the answer to a sum out of the arithmetic

book without working it out. But in this particular case, no one who knows what criminal justice in England really is can doubt that practical evils are produced by its theoretical defects, and that they have caused, and do daily cause, most serious hardship. The theory of our law seems to us to be faulty in this—that it allows an enormous latitude to the judges in the infliction of punishment; and the practical evil is, that punishments are, in fact, inflicted in the most arbitrary manner, so that the length of imprisonment or penal servitude with which an offence is visited differs by months or years according to the district in which the crime was committed.

Whoever will take the trouble to turn to the Seventh Report of the Commissioners on Criminal Law, may see a tabular classification of the various punishments which the law inflicted for different offences ten years ago. There were upwards of fifty doses of transportation or imprisonment allotted to different crimes, without any sort of principle or classification. Sometimes offenders could only be transported—sometimes only imprisoned—sometimes hard labour and solitary confinement could be added to imprisonment, and sometimes not. Sometimes the maximum term of imprisonment was two, sometimes four, sometimes seven, and in one case an unlimited number of years. In this last instance, unlimited fine and unlimited whipping might be superadded, at the discretion of the court, to unlimited imprisonment. This awful crime was that of stealing naval stores—so that an unfortunate lad who had stolen a yard of rope from a dockyard, might be sentenced to be imprisoned for life, and whipped every quarter-day.

To remedy this state of things, an Act was passed, by which the judges were empowered, wherever a minimum term of imprisonment or transportation was affixed to a crime, to pass a sentence for any shorter term, with or without hard labour. The effect of this Act was to take away all minimum punishments whatever, so that there is now no crime punishable by transportation for life which the judge who presides at the trial may not, if he pleases, visit with a day's or an hour's imprisonment. It cannot be denied that this arrangement is in many ways very convenient; and indeed, if all the criminal business in the country were conducted by the fifteen judges, some persons might think that, as a choice of evils, it was probably the best course which could be adopted. But the case is widely different. Probably four-fifths of the sentences passed in this country are passed at quarter sessions; and a vast proportion of them are pronounced by judges who, without any knowledge of law whatever, have it in their power to give a man any sentence they please, from a day's imprisonment up to fourteen years' transportation. The jurisdictions of these courts are in the wildest confusion. In Lincolnshire, there are three separate courts, with three distinct chairmen, besides three boroughs and one city which have their respective recorders and sessions. In Devonshire, there is only one court of quarter sessions for the county, but there are five boroughs and a city which have separate courts. Nottinghamshire has the advantage of three sessional divisions—Essex has two—Norfolk three—and many others, for no assignable reason, have but one. Nor is this so unimportant as it might at first seem, for where there are many petty divisions, it is not worth the while of barristers to attend; and not only are the prisoners deprived of the benefit of being defended by counsel, but the wholesome check which the presence of the bar imposes upon the bench is altogether removed. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the punishments inflicted should differ in severity in the most arbitrary manner. Recently, a woman was sentenced at one assize town to fourteen years' transportation for passing bad notes. Two men were sentenced, in the same circuit, for the same offence, but at a different town, to four months' imprisonment. A boy was convicted at the last Warwick assizes of slashing another across the nose with a knife, and stabbing him in the hand with great ferocity. For this he deservedly received four years' penal servitude. A man was convicted about the same time at the Middlesex Sessions, of biting off another person's nose. He received a few months' imprisonment. A lad was convicted at the Old Bailey of snatching a watch from a gentleman's pocket. He escaped with six months' imprisonment. Another lad knocked a purse out of a lady's hand at Birmingham, and received six years' penal servitude. Both the judges who inflicted the last-mentioned sentences were men of the most unquestionable ability and honesty. We mention the circumstance as evidence of the fact that different minds unavoidably take very different views of the proper use of the enormous discretion reposed in them by law. Where two men of high professional eminence and great experience differed so widely, what can be expected of a mass of judges with no professional knowledge or experience whatever?

We do not doubt that the administration of criminal justice in this country is unimpeachably honest, nor that, where it is in the hands of professional judges, it is exceedingly able; but the entire absence of all proportion between crime and punishment is no less remarkable than the ability and integrity with which the fact of crime is detected. The discretion vested in the judges is in reality as great, if not greater, now than it was when almost every crime was capital. Grim traditions are still extant as to the working of that monstrous system. We are told how, on one assize, every horsestealer on the Western circuit was hanged, whilst not one was executed elsewhere; and how, on

another occasion, the grand jury were told to take care what bills they found, as every man capitally convicted would be left for execution. In our days, we have the same thing on a smaller scale. Our judges assess punishments on totally different principles. Some object to short terms of imprisonment—others systematically employ them. Some punish first offences severely—others slightly. Some take one view, and some another, of the atrocity of particular offences, such as bigamy and night-poaching. Such differences are indeed inseparable from the great individual discretion which the law reposes in those by whom it is administered.

This defect would, we think, be remedied by transferring to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or to some analogous tribunal, the function of advising the Queen in the exercise of the prerogative of pardon. No one can doubt that it would be unwise to attempt to lay down very precise rules about the apportionment of punishment. It would be impossible to frame any definitions which would not include offences of very different magnitudes; but we think the establishment of such a court as we have mentioned would do more to remedy the evil than might be supposed at first sight. By far the most important part of English law consists of decisions on reported cases. It is our almost universal habit to prefer instances and illustrations to strict verbal rules. Every one knows that the fifteen judges sitting at Westminster are the most important branch of the Legislature. There are, no doubt, many objections to this practice, but it has some great advantages. It produces uniformity of law throughout the country. In France, it will often happen that what is law at Bordeaux is not law at Rouen—that a man may succeed at Strasburg on the very grounds on which he fails at Marseilles; but in England, cases have the same authority at Chester as at Maidstone, at Bodmin as at Lincoln. Such a court as we propose would be able to introduce something of the same kind of uniformity into the practice of awarding punishments. Judgments would be delivered, laying down the principles upon which punishment ought to be allotted; and by degrees the discretion which the judges exercise would be guided and regulated by a sort of tariff formed by the ablest men in the country. As the law has left the widest possible discretion to the bench, and as the subject is one upon which there are no technical rules whatever, the decisions of the court would of necessity proceed upon broad grounds, and would become widely known amongst persons employed in the administration of justice. We are convinced that, by such an arrangement, the people would be led to feel far more confidence in the criminal law, and far more respect for it, than they do at present. No doubt, in a great majority of cases the ruling of the judges would be upheld; but such decisions, supported by an enunciation of the principles upon which they proceeded, would be an invaluable guide to the inferior courts, especially to the quarter sessions.

Principles of what may be called the law of mercy are no doubt sometimes laid down in the present day, but in a most unsatisfactory manner. In the case, for example, of *Murdock*, who was hanged for killing the gaoler at *Lewes*, Sir George Grey wrote a letter in answer to a petition for mercy, informing the petitioners that if a man chose to inflict personal violence on another in the perpetration of an unlawful act, he must do so at the risk of being hanged if death followed. The principle we believe to be (within certain limits) very sound and most important; but it is emphatically a legal and judicial principle—one that should be publicly and solemnly laid down as law by a proper tribunal, instead of being informally communicated to certain obscure persons in a country town by a Secretary of State. The occasional scandals which occur under the present arrangement would be entirely prevented by such a reform as we propose. It would render such a case as that of *Celestina Somner* utterly impossible. That department of justice which is called "mercy" would be administered upon the same principles as other departments, and the nation at large would be taught a great moral lesson capable of application in many walks of life besides jurisprudence. We cannot think that such a function as this would be beneath the dignity of our very ablest judges. From a variety of causes, which we have indicated on other occasions, the study of criminal law has fallen into most undue and unfortunate neglect; but it is socially, perhaps, of even greater importance than any other branch of the science. Society can hardly perform an act of greater moral significance than that of deliberately depriving a fellow creature of life or of liberty; and the reasons which may, in special cases, incline it to depart from ordinary rules ought to be ascertained by the ablest minds, and promulgated in the most authentic and authoritative manner available for the purpose.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT FOR COMPETITION.

THE public art campaign has all the variety—all the rapid changes, ups and downs, blunders and successes of more sanguinary warfare. Last week we had to chronicle a check—temporary, we fully believe, but most vexatious—in the unsatisfactory form which the universal competition for the Public Offices had assumed. This day, an unexpected victory (or that which at least sounds like a victory) demands our immediate acknowledgment. A fresh universal competition has been proclaimed in which the terms are equal, the time ample, and the prizes munificent—in

one word, a competition in almost all respects the reverse of that which we had so recently to criticise, and yet both are announced under the patronage of the same minister. The newly-announced contest would be cheering enough in itself, as an abstract advantage, however perplexing from the inconsistency involved; but the extent of the triumph has to be measured by what we have escaped, not less than by what we are to net. This competition has for its object a monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's. In plain English, the design so ostentatiously elaborated, so sedulously puffed—that famous mass of masonry, with its old men kicking their heels on the top of a wall, whose meaning, the oracle said, was left to posterity to decipher—that design which Baron Marochetti invented, which the *Times* praised, and which the world accepted because the *Times* had praised it—that design which we from the first denounced is now a thing of the past, and is gone with Mr. Pennethorne's plans for the public offices, the York-column road, and the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, without even Lord Panmure to sing its praises as he did those of the Scutari obelisk.

Cautious from experience, we forbear to say more in praise of the new plan than that, as far as the programme has yet been made public, it appears to us to embody conditions out of which a fair contest and a successful result are likely to arise. 20,000*l.* ought to produce a sufficient monument, while the distribution of 2400*l.* in prizes shows a large-handed but judicious liberality; and no English sculptor can object to the time allowed, having till June 10 at his disposal. Still less can any foreigner complain, as for him the term is extended till July 1. The quarter size scale too will be sufficient for adjudication, and not too onerous to the competitors. It were to be wished that the judges had been named; but in the classes from whom they are to be selected, the animus is evidently shown of a candid, a just, and capable tribunal.

These advantages will, we hope, be met by the artists with a corresponding liberality of sentiment; and we trust that the judges will show themselves sensible of considerations of fitness extending beyond the merely technical, and often almost pedantic "rules of art." The competition is not to be for a moment destined to stand in *Limbus*, but in a particular spot of a particular building, which building is a large church. The man who deserves to win the first prize, and to receive the order to complete it, is he who shall have contributed the most suitable design towards incorporating the commemoration of the Duke of Wellington with the other uses of St. Paul's Cathedral. The finest pillar, the most cunning allegory, or the most inspiring battle-piece, may be absolutely, ludicrously out of place in that locality; and in disfiguring the building, may itself forfeit its best claims upon our reasonable admiration. Of what monuments ought not to be, we have a gallery of specimens, unequalled perhaps in Europe, at Westminster Abbey. We now wish, by way of a change, to gain some idea, within St. Paul's, of what ought to be the monument of a great man placed in a Christian church. The man of genius has now an opportunity, such as may never occur again, to combine excellences the realization of which will win for him a deathless name in the annals of art. He is called on to embody a greatness achieved in the fulfilment of simple and straightforward duty, and to reconcile that embodiment with the antecedent forms and purpose of a building whose majestic beauty has been consecrated to the highest of destinations. If he would work successfully, he must work unselfishly. Let him try to monopolize or eclipse the building itself, and he will assuredly and deservedly fail. The best earnest of victory lies in treating the monument as an instalment towards that coming embellishment of St. Paul's which the higher condition of art-feeling and more rational religious spirit of the day is every year more imperatively demanding. However stately the monumental pile may be, if designed in this spirit it never can become obtrusive. A much more plain and smaller monument, if selfishly conceived, might be too large and intrusive for its assigned position. We feel almost ashamed of ourselves for having to dwell upon such truisms; but the experience of the past has taught us that, self-evident as these considerations may seem to common sense, the red-tape of art has not yet fully accepted them. The sculptor and the architect have not yet shaken hands in modern England, as their predecessors used to do in ages and in countries which have bequeathed those buildings to posterity whose names have become a proverb.

To this imperfect realization among us of the unity of art, we would fain attribute that prodigious inconsistency which has haunted us ever since we saw the new scheme for the Duke's monument. On no other grounds can we conceive it possible that one week Sir Benjamin Hall should appear advocating a universal competition so thoroughly unsatisfactory as that which we commented on seven days ago, and the very next affixing his name to proposals which embody every consideration which that one had overlooked. Creditable as we consider the present plan to be, we do not shrink from one word of our censure upon the antecedent enterprise, nor do we regret one single syllable which we then wrote. We feel, indeed, that we ought rather to have spoken more strongly in condemnation of that which, as the present scheme shows, was the gratuitous adoption of an inferior method of proceeding, when the superior one was equally obvious and equally easy. In the one case, we suppose, officials had to deal with what they knew to be art, without having to know very exactly what "art" meant, or having any very defined

practice of the office to mislead them. With all the corruptions of the Public Works administration of former days, we had not yet arrived at contracting for the monuments of our great men with the ordinary purveyors of tombstones. Accordingly, when a universal competition for the Wellington monument was resolved upon, the provisions of that competition naturally assumed an artistic shape. On the other hand, when the "Public Works" had to grapple with the conditions of an architectural competition equally open, and more dispendious, they as naturally and as unconsciously fell back on the bad traditions of their own antecedent practice. The official traditions of England had always fought shy of recognising the architectural art, while it had meddled largely with the surveying and building businesses. The very dignity which Sir Benjamin Hall now holds, was only the other day separated from the land agency of the Crown estates—the powers and remuneration of State architect—even for a special work—as distinct from a surveyorship, are yet to be defined. Artistic feeling would be looked upon with suspicion and dislike in the "office," upon which its moveable chief has, of course, to rely for all those numberless practical details which make up the sum of administration. It is not, therefore, wonderful that the world-wide architectural competition should have gone wrong in the hands to which the Chief Commissioner entrusted it for elaboration, and come out fettered with conditions which have, since their first promulgation, met with the universal reprobation of all to whom architecture is an art, and not a trade. The attempted answer, we make sure, will be that the Wellington Monument is a matter of pure art, while the "exigencies of the public service" require to be considered in the new buildings. We have simply to observe that we have never for one instant lost sight of this consideration, but that it is nothing to the immediate purpose of an excuse for a palpable bungle. It was the business of the departments to have published what accommodation they needed; and then the prize architect would be the person who best reconciled artistic grouping with the provision of that accommodation. In this fusion of the *utile* and the *pulchrum* consists "architecture." If we deny to it the domain of the *utile*, we at once fall back upon that barbarism which gave us existing Downing-street for our public offices, and which reared Harley and Wimpole-streets for our private residences. If this ground be taken, let it be taken consistently, and let a prospectus be issued, not to the architects of the world, but to the builders of the United Kingdom, to send in tenders to take down the existing offices, and to rebuild them six times their actual size, but in their present style of unadorned simplicity. But if this notion be scouted, let the programme for the new public offices be equally cancelled, and let Sir Benjamin Hall show himself as much alive to the grandeur of the future British Palace of Administration as he is to that of the Great Duke's monument. If he still endeavours to act upon different principles in the two cases, he will merely entangle himself in a mesh of harassing perplexities—he will fail in the larger work, and through that failure he will lose the credit he might have reaped for the more liberal policy adopted in the smaller competition.

REVIEWS.

PERTHES.*

THE Life of Perthes, by his son Clement, has for some time been well known to many English readers of German. An Edinburgh publisher has now given it to us in our own language; but this book is not a full and complete version of the original work. It is rather a translation adapted to the needs of the English student of nineteenth century history, by the omission of some matters which would, to him, have been of comparatively little interest.

In the course of a long and active life, the excellent man of whose history we are about to give a sketch, passed through several phases of opinion upon the most important subjects, took part in the stirring transactions of his time, and knew many of the greatest and best Germans of two generations. We find, accordingly, the groundwork of quiet family life and personal mental history which is here presented to us, richly enamelled, so to speak, with the politics, the literature, and the theology of a long and deeply interesting period. Frederick Perthes was born at Rudolstadt, on the 21st of April, 1772. His early education was unsystematic; and when, in his fourteenth year, he had to look out for some calling, he was by no means very far advanced. The person who influenced him most during his childhood was an old officer, a near relation of his mother, who, living in a picturesque country, loved nature, and delighted in taking young Perthes with him on long excursions amidst the mountain slopes which look down on the valley of the Schwarz. After some negotiations and delays, the boy was apprenticed to a bookseller at Leipsic, one Adam Böhme, a man of the old school, hard, coarse, and ignorant. His first years at Leipsic were very dreary. He was consoled only by

the kindness of his master's second daughter, Frederika, who proved her affection by reading to him when he was ill, several volumes of Muratori's *History of Italy*—no trifling act of self-sacrifice in a little girl. Later, he formed a friendship with Rabenhorst, a fellow-apprentice, and a person of some merit; and later still with Nessig, who was his rival in the good graces of Frederika, when she had passed from childhood to maidenhood. The two young men agreed that Frederika should be informed of the feelings with which they regarded her, and should be desired to make her choice. Frederika declared that she felt great regard for both of them, but that she could be the wife neither of the one nor of the other. So ended the first romance of a life much of which was to be passed amidst strong emotions. Before this, Perthes had finished his apprenticeship, and had gone to Hamburg, as assistant in the bookselling business of Hoffman, a man of education, and infinitely superior as a companion to old Böhme. It was on the 13th of May, 1793, that he left Leipsic, and travelled northward, falling in during the journey with Campe, the author of *Theophrastus*, and a member of the Council of Education at Brunswick. The impressive temperament of the youth made him invest this personage and his family with a halo of glory. The father's "most trivial action bore the impress of a superior mind." Madame Campe united "to the widest range of information the most careful housewifery;" and as for Lottchen Campe, she was to Perthes what Ferdinand was to Miranda. His work in Hamburg was very hard, but he found time to prosecute the philosophical studies which had been commenced in Leipsic. Herder's *Letters on Humanity*, Jacobi's *Waldemar*, and Schiller's *Essay on Grace and Dignity*, seem to have, at this period, interested him deeply. The society, too, in which he moved, became gradually better and more intellectual, in spite of the obstacles which etiquette threw in the way of a young man engaged, not in the wholesale, but in the retail trade. Three men, however, all about his own age, were destined to influence him more than Klopstock, Reimarus, and the rest, who were then the greater gods of Hamburg social life. His friends, Speckter, Runge, and Hulsbeck, were all full of talent and heart. Speckter introduced him to Schiller's poem, *Die Künstler*, and constantly reminded him that "it is only through the morning-gate of the beautiful you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge." Runge helped him to read Schiller's *Æsthetic Letters*. Captivated by views of life hitherto unknown to him, he wrote to a friend, "O brother, let us become good, genuine men, approaching more and more within the sphere of the moral and the beautiful."

Before the explanation which ended his attachment to Frederika, Perthes had started in business on his own account, with Nessig for his partner. He entertained higher views as to the duties of a bookseller than were common amongst his contemporaries, and strove from the first to make his shop a small library, full of the choicest works and furnished with the best periodicals. Not long after it was opened, a stranger of dignified appearance entered. This personage, to whom Perthes felt attracted at once, was no other than F. H. Jacobi. The mind of the young inquirer was captivated by his views, and he became for a time a fervent disciple. But his was not one of those intellects which could find repose in the system of Jacobi. His belief in the views of that philosopher only served to lead him nearer to the opinions of Claudius, who stood removed from the general tendencies of his age, and clung to much to which the disciples of the prevailing schools were thoroughly averse. Ere long he became a member of the circle which gathered round the old man of Wandsbeck. Here he found a household cultivating, amidst domestic circumstances the most homely, art, literature, and music, and came to know the Stolbergs, the Reventlows, and many others, most of whom belonged to that small but distinguished coterie of Holsteiners in which the *Schöne Seele* type of mind was held in especial honour. Caroline Claudius was twenty-two when Perthes first visited her father's house. Without being beautiful, she was singularly attractive, and not much time passed before she became betrothed to the young stranger. This attachment seems to have determined the wavering religious opinions of Perthes, and the influence of the Münster Catholics, who, with the Princess Gallitzin at their head, stood in the most friendly relations towards the Protestant circles of Holstein, deepened in his mind all those impressions which were common to their respective creeds. The marriage took place on the 2nd of August, 1797. The characters of the bride and bridegroom are well painted in the following extract:—

In the first months and years of their married life, the diversity of their minds and habits was to be brought into strong relief. Perthes had been fitted for the sphere in which he now moved by natural character, by the circumstances of his early life, and by his actual position in Hamburg—by the variety of external relations and impressions, by the efforts he had to make in difficult and changing circumstances, but, above all, by contact with men of the most opposite opinions. On the contrary, Caroline had never come in contact with the noisy outer world, but had led a life entirely from within. To her the duty of man seemed to consist in withdrawing from worldly business and motives, and in abstaining from all lively participation in the transitory. The first three books of Thomas à Kempis, taken as a whole, might be regarded as reflecting her views of life.

Perthes's change of opinions threatened at one time to dissolve his connexion with the three friends of whom we have spoken above; but a candid explanation set all right. The partnership with Nessig was dissolved in 1798, and shortly afterwards a new one was formed with Besser, who married Perthes's sister. The thorough and extensive knowledge and the simple

Memoirs of Frederick Perthes; or, Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany, from 1789 to 1843. From the German of C. T. Perthes. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

character of this man fitted him to assist in an undertaking which had not only a commercial but a moral aspect. Perthes aimed at nothing less than putting the German book-trade on a new and higher footing, at discouraging bad and promoting good books, and at largely influencing the national mind through literature. The new business prospered on the whole, although the disturbances in the first years of this century were sadly unfavourable to commerce. As it grew, Perthes grew with it, becoming wider in view and larger in experience, fuller of resource, and capable of more sustained activity. The course of political events—and more especially the condition of Germany—interested him deeply; and their common love for their fallen country made him the friend of Johannes von Müller. This friendship again, before Müller became dazzled with the greatness of Napoleon, stimulated the zeal of Perthes for German freedom. Gradually, as his active nature influenced his wife, and her contemplative spirit worked upon him, they became more and more attached to each other. But neither the quiet of his family circle nor the routine of business could keep him back from politics. Towards the end of 1809, he began to send the prospectus of the *National Museum* to all parts of Germany; and in the spring of 1810 the first number appeared. Jean Paul, Count F. L. Stolberg, Claudius, and Fouqué contributed—so did Görres, Arndt, and many others. Goethe, characteristically enough, declined to do so. The object of this periodical was to keep alive and to develop German nationality. The attempt was brave and worthy; but it came to a sad end. In less than a year after the commencement of the undertaking, Hamburg was declared part of the French empire—"built by Charles the Great, it was no longer to be deprived of the happiness to which it had a hereditary right, of acknowledging the supremacy of his greater successor." So the *National Museum* had to be discontinued, and Perthes began to work for his country in a new way.

In the last days of 1812, faint rumours reached the Exchange of Hamburg, that the Grand Army had suffered a great disaster in Russia. They were not at first believed; and the citizens were preparing to celebrate, as best they might, the Christmas festival, when the publication of the 20th Bulletin confirmed the tidings of the utter annihilation of that gigantic force. The next few months were spent in vigorous preparations for throwing off the French yoke, in all of which Perthes was much concerned. On the 12th of March, the French retired; and on the 19th, the Russians entered the city. The joy of the citizens was boundless, but not of long duration. Davoust advanced with six thousand men to recapture Hamburg. The Russians, who had been hailed with so much enthusiasm, left it to its fate, and the friendly intervention of the Danes alone prevented the most terrible consequences. Perthes, who had previously sent away his family, now made his escape. After spending some little time at Aschaw, a villa belonging to Count C. Reventlow, he was informed that the Danish Government could not protect him in case he was demanded by the French; and he had to fly once more, leaving his wife in safety, but in great discomfort, at Aschaw. One of his letters written at this period contains a striking little cabinet picture:—

Beyond Lütgenburg the aspect of the country changes entirely. All becomes wild and rugged; and the little inn of Bröckel is a very picture of desolation—not even a blade of grass does the barren wilderness produce. The host lay in his coffin—strangers were listlessly conducting his business—even the poodle at the door was hardly to be called a dog; and although the colour was evidently intended for black, it got no farther than the dark grey of the surrounding scenery.

In another we find the following passage:—

Nothing was to be seen but the monster billows which yawned around us in all varieties of horrid shapes. At dawn we found ourselves lying immediately opposite Admiral Hope's ship, surrounded by two-and-twenty large vessels, all bearing the flag of England. Far off across the sea the moon cast a strip of silver light, and the rayless sun a reflection of glowing red. I never received such impressions of the sublime as during that short voyage.

A general amnesty was now proclaimed at Hamburg. Ten men were, however, excepted, one of whom was Perthes; and it was not till the 31st of May, 1814, that the exile was able to return to his desolated home. Davoust had behaved in Hamburg with the most brutal ferocity, and his example had not been lost upon his troops. Perthes had saved his life, but his property had suffered terribly. His trade had been thrown into utter confusion; half his books had been stolen, his furniture had been burnt, and the dirt and rubbish lay a foot deep in the rooms of his house. Nevertheless, he and Besser began again in a brave spirit. By Easter, 1815, they were able to show that they had discharged all their engagements long before the lapse of the stipulated time. The change from taking part in important business to activity in a narrow sphere, was, of course, not agreeable; but Perthes found congenial occupation in assisting in the various schemes which were now set on foot at Hamburg, for aiding the classes which had suffered most from the late distress. He still kept up also a large political correspondence, and was alive to all the questions which were agitated in 1814 and 1815, as to the future condition of Germany in general and of the Hanse Towns in particular. A matter of public importance more closely connected with his daily life was, the German law of copyright, which was on the most unsatisfactory footing. In July, 1816, Perthes left Hamburg, to make an extensive tour, with a view of seeing influential persons in the different States, and deliberating with them on the possibility of checking the piratical publishers, and promoting German literary,

if not political, unity. At Münster he visited Bishop Droste and his brothers. At Düsseldorf he spent some days with Max Jacobi, and went to Pempelfort, where his old friend F. H. Jacobi had, before the great wars, formed the centre of so brilliant a circle. Cologne, with its quaint old customs, delighted him. At Coblenz he saw Görres, in whose house politics ran high. At Nassau he had an interview with Stein; and at Frankfurt he saw a great deal of Frederick Schlegel, whom he described in a letter as a "fat round man with very bright eyes, which nevertheless look coldly out." The sketches of these personages, and of the many others whom he saw in his journey through Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Munich to Vienna, and his observations upon politics and society, are given at some length in this work, and are most interesting. The information which he gained during his tour bearing upon its special objects has been omitted. We hardly know whether to praise or blame this exercise of editorial discretion. Perthes returned to Hamburg in September. His undisturbed life in that city—which was varied only by such events as the marriages of his daughters and the departure of his eldest son to the University—now glided tranquilly on for some years, the even current of which is delightfully represented in the early chapters of the second volume, which are really German prose idyls, of a very charming kind. A sad event was destined, however, once more to drive him from home, and to give a new direction to his life. Of this we propose to speak upon a future day.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

Second Notice.

IT is not surprising that the decline and fall of the Girondists should be regarded by a Jacobin historian with profound discouragement. If the holy and undivided Republic was incompatible with the existence of a sect so nearly orthodox, it would almost seem that a future Robespierre must confine himself to legislating for Utopia. The Girondists wore the cap of Liberty, and discarded the plural pronoun of address. Down to the massacres of September, they applauded every outrage of the bloodthirsty Parisian rabble. The great majority of their party voted for the death of the King; and one of their leaders drew up the declaration of war against England. Pure and narrow Republicans, believers in the French travesty of Plutarch, the Girondists, if they did little, said almost all that could entitle them to M. Louis Blanc's earnest admiration. During the greater part of their career, they controlled all the public offices, and almost on the eve of their fall, they commanded a majority in the Convention. With every advantage of position, of opportunity, of sympathy with the popular cant of the day, they no sooner reached the summit of power than they began to slide rapidly to destruction. The people cared nothing for their phrases or for their persons, and almost unconsciously felt that they were quacks and pedants. The rapidity of their fall was owing to their rashness, incapacity, and cowardice; but the catastrophe itself was inevitable. The principle of the Revolution, as interpreted by the dominant Parisian mob, might have been summed up in the proposition that every man had a right to do as he chose, and to compel his neighbour to do the same. Robespierre and Marat showed their sagacity by throwing in their fortunes with the fighting mass of the population. The Girondists relied on an imaginary nation of citizens, amenable to political economy, and to virtuous republican clap-traps; and that they had nothing else to rely on is the only excuse for their blunders. Their claim to govern France depended on their fluency in declaiming the popular jargon. As M. Louis Blanc himself remarks, they were artists who mistook themselves for statesmen; but he might have added, that freemen alone can use public discussion as the instrument of government, and that the French of the Revolution were neither prepared nor inclined to be free.

From 1789 to the middle of 1793, the supreme power had been vested in the three successive sovereign Assemblies. The claim of the Girondists to be remembered rests principally on the fact that, with their fall, the functions of the Convention were, in a great measure, abandoned. The Dictatorship of the Committee of Public Safety superseded the conflicts of the Tribune; and among all the changes of the Constitution, the power of the Executive constantly increased, until it attained its culminating point in the Consulate. Four years of spasmodic experiments had exhausted the national desire for free Government. One more year was required to make the very name of a Republic odious to the existing generation, and to their successors down to the present day. No apologist of the Reign of Terror can explain away its failure, even though he may, to some extent, palliate its crimes. The actual monarchy of France and the alleged cruelties of Cayenne may be, in a great measure, attributed to the weakness of the Gironde, and to the extravagance of the Mountain. It has been proved to demonstration, that liberty, according to the formula of 1793, is impossible. M. Louis Blanc considers that the expulsion of the Girondists was, at the same time, necessary to the Revolution and fatal to its success; but a system which contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction must be fundamentally erroneous. Despots and sycophants readily generalize the conclusion into a sweeping denial that

* *Histoire de la Révolution Française*. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tome Huitième. Paris. 1856.

freedom is practicable; and the best opportunity for confuting their sophisms which ever occurred in the history of the world, was madly thrown away at the Revolution.

If great interests had not been involved in the conflicts of the Convention, the dramatic spectacle which they present might be contemplated not without complacency. The expulsion of the Girondists, under pressure of the mob of Paris, satisfies, in a great measure, the demands of poetical justice. The victims of the day had been oppressors in their turn; and some of the crimes in which they shared had not been redeemed by the miserable excuse of fanatical conviction. Personal cowardice, moral and physical, never exercised so large an influence in human affairs as during the course of the French Revolution. Every member of the Convention was ready to die for his country; but every dominant party in succession truckled to the ferocious clamour of the mob. The Girondists were conscious of the monstrous injustice involved in the condemnation of the King, nor did they profess to share in the opinions of those who considered that the public interest required the death of an enemy. The scheme of an appeal to the people was a miserable device to escape from the necessity of a murder without risk to their persons or to their popularity; but those who attempted the subterfuge were bound, when their attempt was defeated, to avow and carry out their scruples. The proposal itself only gave Robespierre an easy triumph in argument, for the Convention had been elected in anticipation of the question on which it was asked to declare itself incompetent. The reference of a great political problem to universal suffrage would have been an obvious abdication of its functions. When the time came for the decisive vote, the leader of the Gironde was called upon to deliver his sentence at an early period. Fourteen voices had already been given for death, and seven for imprisonment. M. Louis Blanc describes the interest which was aroused when the secretary called on Vergniaud:—

A ce nom la salle entière tressaille, l'attention redouble. Quel arrêt va sortir de ces lèvres si impérieusement éloquentes? Elle est nombreuse la phalange qui suit Vergniaud, et composée d'hommes indécis: quelle impulsion vont ils recevoir? D'un air recueilli, d'une voix émue, et sa conscience l'emportant sur son cœur, Vergniaud dit: "La mort."

The Girondist vote for the appeal to the people had expressed their opinions—the concurrence of the majority of the faction in the sentence of death was the result of their selfishness and of their fears. One of their number, Gensonné, with the passionate violence of a common criminal, attempted, in a breath, to flatter the popular clamour, and to vent his resentment on the enemies to whom he was crouching:—

Gensonné, rassemblant toutes ses haines dans son vote, déclara que Louis devait périr, mais qu'il fallait enjoindre du même coup au Ministère de la Justice de poursuivre les assassins du 2 Septembre, afin de bien montrer que la Convention Nationale "ne faisait point d'accepter entre les scélérats."

It might have been enough to put an innocent man to death, without placing a king, whose crime consisted in his royal birth, on a level with the vilest of murderers. The Mountain might well look with contempt on the rivals who courted a share in their crimes without participating either in their policy or in their convictions. Not long afterwards, Robespierre, with the usual indifference of the day to facts, brought against Gensonné the dangerous accusation of complicity with Dumouriez. M. Louis Blanc cannot, in this instance, concur with his hero, but he gives a tragic colour to his malignity:—"Quel art il mit, ce sincère et sombre grand homme, à se tromper lui-même pour acquiescer le droit de haïr en toute sûreté de conscience!" "The sea-green incorruptible" certainly possessed the sincerity of revenge.

M. Louis Blanc has thrown a new light on the imprudence of the Girondists in provoking the struggle with their more powerful enemies. They prosecuted Marat before a tribunal which was blind and deaf to the atrocities of the popular faction; they constantly uttered impotent menaces against Robespierre; and they familiarized the minds of the people with the thought of holding members of the Convention personally responsible. Day after day, they asserted that the Jacobins were allies of Coburg, or paid agents of Pitt; and it was easy for their adversaries to fling back the falsehood with a far more formidable aim. While they were in the power of the mob, they foolishly irritated the sections by threatening the metropolis with the remote vengeance of the departments. Above all, they were incessantly dwelling on their own wrongs and dangers, while the leaders of the Mountain were urging on the Revolution, and sending their Commissioners to stimulate the patriotism of the armies.

The fall of the Girondists, like all the principle crises of the Revolution, illustrated the helpless cowardice of the popular leaders and the supremacy of an irresponsible rabble. On the 29th of May, Robespierre favoured the Jacobin Club with the following luminous advice:—

I am incapable of prescribing to the people the means of saving itself—that is not granted to any single man—it is not granted to me, worn out as I am by four years of revolution, and by the heartrending spectacle of the triumph of tyranny—to me, who am consumed by a slow fever, above all by the fever of patriotism. I have spoken; there remains no other duty for me to perform at the present moment.

It was not until the Convention was surrounded by the armed ruffians of Henriot, that the worn-out patriot could muster courage to discharge the duty of impeaching his colleagues in obedience to the demand of the insurgents. The Sovereign Assembly tried in vain to escape from the hall in which it was

supposed to deliberate; but the members were driven back at the point of the bayonet, and the right of free discussion was finally banished from the Republic. As if to render compassion superfluous, Vergniaud attempted to propitiate his persecutors by moving the sycophantic resolution, that the people of Paris had deserved well of their country. The only excuse for the demagogues who overthrew each other with startling rapidity, was their youth and their total inexperience in great affairs; for not one among their number had enjoyed the opportunity of influencing a vestry, before he undertook the task of governing a nation and of legislating for mankind. In one sense, a portion of their task was far easier than the management of a parish. M. Louis Blanc shares in the delusion of some of his predecessors, that political genius is necessary to the framers of paper constitutions; but when the restraints of precedent and of fact are swept away, it is as easy to string together political maxims of government, as to draw up the rules of a club. First principles, whether true or false, are simple, and generally barren; and definitions of liberty and of the rights of man are the business of theorists, rather than of legislators. The leaders of the hostile parties in the Convention framed rival formulas, which M. Louis Blanc has printed in parallel columns; but practical politicians will probably be of opinion that the truisms and fallacies of Vergniaud are precisely equal in value to those propounded by Robespierre. The Socialist historian takes a different view; and he especially contrasts the Jacobin doctrine of property with the common-sense phraseology which, by some accident, was adopted by the Girondists. Vergniaud spoke of property as that which a man has, and of the right of property as the liberty to dispose of it. Robespierre, with characteristic ambiguity, defined property as the right of every man to the goods guaranteed him by the law; and the question as to the law itself, involving the whole theory of property, was left to the determination of popular prejudice and clamour. In his speech on the subject, the great Jacobin complained that the ordinary doctrine of property seemed to be framed for the benefit of the rich, and of the three bugbears of the day—the *accapareurs*, the *agioteurs*, and the tyrants. It is difficult to understand any system of property which would not tend to the advantage of proprietors; but M. Louis Blanc is lost in admiration of the confused twaddle of his hero.

Ah! on peut le rendre tant qu'on voudra responsable de maux qu'il n'eût pas puissance d'empêcher ou de crimes qu'il combattit; on peut le vouer aux furies—l'homme qui écrivit les lignes citées plus haut, s'est creusé sur un de ces sommets au-dessous desquels se forment les nuages, un tombeau où ne saurait le troubler le veu victis de l'histoire.

If Robespierre had never done anything worse than scribbling a nonsensical declaration of rights, history would have consigned him, not to the Furies, but to the waste-paper basket.

A future volume will record the tyranny and fall of the Committee of Public Safety. Those readers who have listened with fortitude to the dirge of the Girondists, will be prepared to regard with the same equanimity the final convulsion which closed the Reign of Terror. The study of the narrative, under the guidance of a sincere Puritan of the Jacobin League and Covenant, is both novel and instructive. Notwithstanding his prejudices, and his implicit reverence for the authorities of his sect, M. Louis Blanc is an honest and earnest advocate of that which he believes to be the truth. If nature had endowed him with the faults of scepticism, he might have been a more trustworthy historian, but not, perhaps, a more estimable man.

A TOUR IN UNSETTLED PARTS OF NORTH AMERICA.*

SIXTY years ago, a voyage down the Ohio and the Mississippi, and a return over the wilderness which then lay between Natchez and Kentucky, was no easy or ordinary exploit. Whenever an equal amount of adventure and hardship is undergone, and as many strange or novel scenes witnessed by any traveller of the present day, a work larger than Mr. Bailly's is certain to be compiled and published instantly. But in the last century, the demand for books of travel was not quite so active as it has now become, and so Mr. Bailly contented himself with sending his journal from time to time to his friends at home, and collecting and arranging it in after years for his own amusement. The volume now given to the world derives interest from the character and position of its deceased author; and it is also valuable as a clear and truthful picture of the United States, as they appeared, in the year 1796, to a sensible and observant Englishman, by no means unfriendly to the people about whom he wrote.

The life of Mr. Bailly is in many respects worthy of our attention. He was the son of a banker at Newbury, Berkshire, and was born in 1774. Up to fourteen years of age, he was kept at school in his native town, and thence he was removed to a merchant's counting-house in London, where he remained until nearly twenty-two. Having thus served his time, and perhaps finding no suitable opening in business, he determined to travel in the United States, and accordingly embarked for New York on the 21st October, 1795. In the Downs he narrowly escaped shipwreck; and again, when near New York, a terrible storm blew the vessel off the coast. After vainly endeavouring to make

* *Journal of a Tour in Unsettled Parts of North America in 1796 and 1797.* By the late Francis Bailly, F.R.S., President of the Royal Astronomical Society. With a Memoir of the Author. London: Bailly Brothers, 1856.

the Bermudas, she was obliged to run for shelter to Antigua, where Mr. Baily found a vessel to take him to Norfolk in Virginia; and at length, on the 14th February, 1796, nearly four months after leaving England, he managed to reach the United States. The contrast which thus meets us at the outset between the old and new methods of locomotion is preserved throughout the book. Still, in a land where much is changed, there is yet much that remains the same. Thus, at Norfolk, the Eagle Tavern is kept by the "Major of the fort on the river"—who, on being asked whether the travellers could have beds at his house, "answered with a seeming kind of indifference that he 'guessed' we could." From Norfolk, Mr. Baily sailed up the Chesapeake to Baltimore in a vessel which he compared to a Margate hoy. There were then, in all the States, only sixty-eight miles of turn-pike road; and the ordinary roads between great towns were often impassable in winter. It was necessary to wait a week before any attempt could be made to reach Philadelphia, and then the stage took three days and nights going a distance of ninety-eight miles. It is true that the travellers acted on the good old plan of devoting the night to comfortable sleep in bed; and if the vehicle advanced twelve miles before breakfast, fifteen before dinner, and perhaps nine after, the most restless of Americans was satisfied, and took his ease at his inn contentedly until next day. However, on quitting Philadelphia the roads had improved, and the ninety-six miles to New York were traversed in a day and a-half. This was in March; and in September, when Mr. Baily left New York to begin his tour of the western country, "there was none of that inconvenience from bad roads so terrible to a traveller in the winter. On the contrary, we went with a rapidity and safety equal to any mode of travelling in England."

The new city of Washington was next visited. It consisted then of about two hundred houses. Not much more than half the intended site was cleared, many of the new streets were mere cuttings through the woods, and boys killed partridges in what was to be one of the most public places of the capital. From Washington Mr. Baily crossed the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburg. The roads were practicable for waggons. There were inns, or at least houses where travellers might stop, at frequent intervals, and ferries across the rivers. Pittsburg was the point to which the tide of western emigration even then set strongly. The emigrants came over the mountains with their goods in waggons, and here embarked on the rapid stream which was to bear them to their new homes in the fertile district bounded by the Wabash and Tennessee rivers, and traversed by the Ohio. The important port of Pittsburg, where the waters of the Alleghany and Monongahela unite into the Ohio, had been early coveted by the French. Of the chain of forts by which Gallic ambition sought to join Canada with Louisiana, Fort du Quesne was one of the chief links. In 1756, it had been erected and garrisoned by the French, and the disastrous expedition of General Braddock was intended to expel them from it. He failed; but two years later, on the approach of General Forbes, the French retreated down the Ohio to their settlements on the Mississippi, and abandoned the place to the English, who called it after the first Pitt—a name then, and still more in later and sadder times, widely honoured and trusted in America. From the day Pittsburg was founded until the close of the war of independence, its inhabitants sowed and reaped their harvest in perpetual dread of Indian stratagems; and when Mr. Baily visited the place, it was rife with memories of slaughter and devastation in every homestead. But profound peace then prevailed, and the emigrants who embarked on the Ohio feared only the floating ice, or the storms and rapids which threatened ruin to their heavy and unmanageable boats.

Mr. Baily quitted Pittsburg on the 25th of November, 1796, in the same boat, or rather raft, with another Englishman, who was leading a small party to found a settlement on the Miami river, about fifty miles from Cincinnati. On the 10th of December, their boat was frozen in. Ten days later, the ice broke up suddenly, the boat was destroyed by the floating masses, and the cargo was with difficulty saved. The party then built themselves a hut by the river side, and spent two months in it. They also built a new boat, and on the 21st of February, 1797, the river being free from ice, embarked in her, and proceeded on their voyage. The mouth of the Miami was soon reached, and Mr. Baily passed a month in watching and aiding the first efforts of his companions to found their settlement. They laid out their town on a scale which may then have seemed extravagant, but the rapid growth of the western States has long since realized the visions of the early settlers. On the 3rd of April, our traveller took leave of his friends, and embarked with another party for New Orleans, which place he reached on the 6th of June. They floated all the day, and often all the night, at the rate of five or six miles per hour. Constant vigilance was required in such a rapid current, and sometimes some exertion to change the direction of their course, but usually the river bore them on with little or no labour at the oars. Frequently dreadful storms arose, and it was necessary to pull in-shore and make fast the boat. The rivers were very high—the Ohio often a mile broad, and the Mississippi spreading many miles over the flat country which lies along its banks. Lofty trees stood far into the stream, and the boat's crew were in constant dread of being dashed against their trunks and wrecked.

From Cincinnati to the mouth of the Ohio, the only place of

any note in those days was Louisville, a town of two hundred houses. Sixty miles below the confluence, the Spanish province of Louisiana began on the western bank of the Mississippi, and the reign of nature was invaded by the tyranny of man. The Spaniards granted passports, as in the Old World, and fired guns from their forts to make the boats bring-to and submit to search. Mr. Baily did not like the Spanish rule at all, and came speedily to the conclusion that the Dons must surrender their authority before he could settle comfortably in the land—one of many opinions which he seems to have shared with his friends of the United States. On the east of the Mississippi, the Spanish frontier had recently been fixed by treaty at the 31st degree of north latitude. The town and fort of Natchez lay north of this boundary, and therefore came to the Americans under the treaty. But disputes had arisen between the two Powers, and when a party arrived from the United States to take possession of Natchez, the Spaniards refused to give it up. The American officer thereupon landed his men, fortified his post, and hoisted the national flag, which Mr. Baily, to his great delight, found flying there when he came down the river. Indeed it was lucky for him that friends were near; for he managed to quarrel with the Spanish authorities, and, but for their wholesome dread of going too far with one who passed for an American citizen, he would probably have been imprisoned, and perhaps his friends in England might never have received, nor he have written, the remainder of his journal. As it was, the Spaniards only robbed him; and his appeal for redress to the Baron de Carondelet, the Governor of New Orleans, was as successful as the pursuit of justice under Spanish rule has usually been found. Weary of this hopeless suit, Mr. Baily wished to take his passage to the Havannah, and thence to New York; but Spain was then at war with England, and Mr. Baily's countrymen were blockading the mouths of the Mississippi. He therefore resolved to return on horseback through the wilderness—that is, the tract extending from Natchez to Nashville on the Cumberland river, then uncultivated, and solely inhabited by Indians. It was in those days easy to descend, but hardly possible to work with cargo, up the rivers. A party of Dutchmen, indeed, had formed a scheme of employing horses to gain the necessary propelling power. They succeeded in working up from New Orleans to Natchez, but with the empty boat only, for their attempt was so novel and unexpected that there was no cargo ready for them, and thus the plan could not be fully tested. The Dutchmen sold their boat and horses at a loss, and returned disheartened to the old States, and thus ended their attempt to make horse-power do the work which is now done so easily by steam.

On the 21st of June, Mr. Baily quitted New Orleans, along with several other travellers—crossed Lake Ponchartrain, where a violent storm caused great confusion among the horses on board the boat—and thence rode to Natchez, a distance of two hundred miles. Fifty miles further on lay the most northerly settlement of the district; and thence to Nashville was six hundred miles across the desert. Each traveller rode one horse, and led another bearing provisions for the march. Forage was abundant, and water generally found in plenty; but sometimes severe suffering was undergone from thirst. Mr. Baily's greatest risk was in crossing the Tennessee river, which he found a quarter of a mile wide, and very rapid. The horses of the party made their own way across, and the baggage was to be taken over on rafts, towed by the owners of the packs. A sandbank on each side narrowed the space to be crossed by swimming, but enough remained to task the most vigorous and practised limbs. The first raft, managed by experienced hands, got over safely, but Mr. Baily and his two companions were less seasoned and practised in the work. In mid-stream their strength failed, and instead of urging the raft across the river, they were obliged to cling to it for support. The current rapidly swept them down, and was bearing them into a lake, twenty miles in width, formed by the overflowing waters. Happily, after gliding four or five miles along the stream, while Mr. Baily vainly exhorted his companions to make another effort, they were seen and saved by a party of friendly Indians in a canoe. But for this aid, their raft must have been swept down the Tennessee, and perhaps into the Ohio, with no chance for those who were clinging to it, except drowning if they missed the shore—or starving if they reached it. On the last day of July, Mr. Baily arrived at Nashville, and thence he journeyed eastward over three hundred miles more of desert to Knoxville, which he reached on the 17th of August. His arrival at this town is the latest event recorded in the journal. From that point he travelled a thousand miles over a partially settled country to New York, and on the 1st of March, 1798, arrived in England.

It seems strange that a man so full of resource and so eager for adventure should, in such a stirring time as 1798, have settled down quietly to live for a couple of years with his parents at Newbury, and then have gone into business as a stock-broker in the City of London. Yet such was Mr. Baily's course. He possessed exactly the qualities to command success in a line of life so full of snares for the unwary, and of golden occasions for the clear, far-sighted judgment. When little turned of fifty, he had realized a competent fortune, and might have gained vast wealth if heaping up riches could have satisfied the desire of his soul. But he had long been deeply interested in astronomy, and to this divine science he determined wholly to

devote his remaining years. The habits of orderly and strenuous application which had been so valuable in business now enabled him to turn to the best account his great capacity for mathematical and physical research. The Royal Astronomical Society was established, and its young growth fostered mainly by his judicious and untiring labours. He was an unrelenting servant of the philosophy to which he dedicated the evening of his life. On the revision of the *Nautical Almanac*, the adjustment of the standard of measure, and the determination of the specific gravity of the earth, he expended an almost incredible amount of laborious investigation and experiment. The long catalogue of his contributions to science will be found in the volume now before us, annexed to a memoir of his life, which Sir John Herschel read before the Astronomical Society on the 8th of November, 1844, while the memory of his services and the sorrow for his loss were recent. The preface to the journal is from the pen of Professor de Morgan, another of the author's friends and one of the witnesses of his devotion to his sublime study. The remarkable life and character of the writer command attention to his book; and although his style would suit an astronomical dissertation better than a book of travels, yet the picture he has left us of sixty years since on the banks of the Ohio will abundantly repay perusal.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.*

THE great struggle known as the Thirty Years' War differed essentially from the European contests which had preceded it in having been a war of opinion, and not of races, and in having involved rather the principle of the balance of power than the isolated interests of contending dynasties. It is the political fact which corresponds with and represents the great conflict of opinion produced in Europe by the Reformation. In France, and in the Low Countries, the battle of the Reformation had been fought with varied success. In the one, a pacification, on a tolerably liberal basis, had been accomplished by Henry IV.—in the other, after a fierce struggle, the States of Holland had succeeded against the whole power of Spain in preserving unimpaired their liberties. Germany too, had had its trials. Several attempts had been made to effect a compromise between the rival creeds, and to secure peace among the princes of the Empire; but they only served to put off the evil day. Compromise or tranquillity is seldom obtained till the contending parties have learned each other's strength. At the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, the House of Austria felt strong in its immense territorial possessions, in its authority over the Empire, and its connexion with the Spanish monarchy. It might count on the support of Rome—it might reckon on the sympathies of the Roman-catholics in Protestant countries, who were the objects of suspicion or open persecution wherever the new doctrines had triumphed. The Protestants were encouraged by the success of England and Holland in their resistance to the vast resources of the Spanish monarchy. They perceived the disunion and jealousies of their powerful antagonists, without reflecting that their own councils and their own military operations were weakened by precisely similar causes. Perhaps, too, they calculated too much on the assistance of those non-German States which had already secured their own liberties. That assistance was, it is true, rendered in turn by Holland, England, Denmark, and Sweden, and gave a peculiar character to the Thirty Years' War; but at the outset, it was either withheld, or, when granted, added little to the real strength of the Protestant party.

The objects of this war were so far different from those of others, that those who commenced it did so, on the one side, to maintain a creed the existence of which was threatened by the new doctrines—on the other, to resist the claims of a spiritual despotism founded on the principle of authority, and supported by the arms of the most powerful monarchies of the Continent. It was, moreover, a war to maintain the equilibrium of power in Europe; and its result was to save the cause of Protestantism in Germany, and to secure the emancipation of the North German States from the semi-barbarous tyranny of the House of Austria. On the other hand, it was the commencement of the breaking-up of the German Empire, to which the finishing stroke was put a century later by the victories of Frederick the Great. In its political aspect, it belongs peculiarly to modern history. The same principles of national independence and religious freedom which afterwards guided the policy of William III. of England were called into action in the Thirty Years' War. A similar design, though perhaps not so clearly developed, of securing the equilibrium of Europe, influenced the policy of Gustavus Adolphus, and led Richelieu, and afterwards Mazarin, in obedience to the political interests of France, to desert the cause of the Roman Catholic Church, and to throw into the opposite scale the weight of French arms and influence. But, in some of its features, this war partook of the feudal character of the times, and of a state of society not yet remoulded by modern military and administrative systems. Individual princes and leaders, from their greater independence of action, and from the real weakness of even the greatest sovereigns, obtained

an influence and exercised a power altogether disproportionate to the extent of their territories or the numbers of their troops. Wallenstein, within a few years, was able to dictate terms to the Emperor of Germany, who could only recover his authority by having recourse to a remedy at least as odious in an emperor as it is in the ardent champions of popular liberty. Bernhard of Weimar, a princely but penniless adventurer, was only second to the King of Sweden among the chiefs of the Protestant army. Tilly, Pappenheim, Conti, and Montecuculi, were hardly less distinguished; and a host of other great commanders might be enumerated who took part in the war much more like feudal chieftains than like the captains of regularly organized armies. It was one of those periods of transition which offer great scope to the development of individual ability and character; and therefore the history of this epoch is full of interest, not only from the nature and the magnitude of the conflict, but from the variety of character of the principal actors in it.

Nearly every European State took part in the struggle of which Germany was the battle-field; and even where the Governments were not actually engaged in hostilities, their subjects flocked to the standards of the rival leaders in this war of opinion. England and Scotland furnished large numbers of officers and soldiers to the army of Gustavus Adolphus, influenced not less by their devotion to the beautiful English princess who had married the unfortunate Count Palatine than by zeal for the Protestant cause, and a desire to fight under the command of the greatest captain of the age. As a nation, the English were no doubt deeply humiliated at the part they played in the contest. At different periods they sent small expeditions to the help of the Protestant cause, but without great distinction to themselves, and without exercising a very material influence on the issue. France assisted Gustavus Adolphus when he invaded Germany; and even up to the Peace of Westphalia, it continued to be the policy of the Court of Versailles to support the independence of the small States of Germany against the pretensions of the House of Austria.

But it is in the character and achievements of Gustavus Adolphus that the main interest of the Thirty Years' War centres. Though the sanguinary struggle had lasted twelve years before Sweden took a part in it, and though it continued for a yet longer period after the death of the King at Lützen, the few short years during which he was the chief of the Protestant princes of Germany were by far the most important of the whole war, whether we consider the magnitude of the events or the lasting influence which they exercised on the final issue of the contest. When Gustavus landed in Pomerania, in 1630, the Protestant cause was everywhere on the wane in Germany. The Imperialists were superior, not only in the ability of their commanders, but in their unity and power of concentrating their forces. The various combinations that had been made among the Protestant States had successively been broken up before the arms and the fortune of the House of Austria. The unfortunate Elector Palatine Frederick, in spite of his English alliance and the active co-operation of Christian of Brunswick and Mansfeldt, was utterly defeated by Tilly, and stripped of his Palatinate and his recently acquired Bohemian crown; whilst the broken remnants of his forces were driven into Holland, and his English allies who garrisoned Heidelberg were, after a long siege, compelled to surrender. Again a new league was made, and Mansfeldt and Christian of Brunswick took the field, to co-operate with the King of Denmark against the Imperialists in the north of Germany. The alliance was joined by England and the United Provinces, and the Imperialists for a moment seemed outnumbered by their adversaries. Tilly solicited fresh reinforcements, which the Emperor was unable to supply, so exhausted were his resources by the length and severity of the war. The enormous power and military abilities of Wallenstein alone saved the Empire. The alliance was broken up, the King of Denmark was signally defeated, and was obliged to take refuge in the islands of his kingdom. The Catholic party was everywhere triumphant—the Imperial troops occupied Northern Germany—and it seemed as if nothing could prevent the subjection of all the princes and free cities to the absolute control of the Emperor, and the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in every territory held by the Imperial armies.

The spell of success was suddenly broken when Gustavus Adolphus opened the memorable campaign of 1630. There is scarcely a parallel in history to the uninterrupted success which waited upon the arms of the Swedish king. With resources at first very inadequate to his great enterprise—with an army of which by far the larger part consisted of mercenaries and foreigners—he contrived to conquer the veteran soldiers of the Empire, and to defeat the combinations of the most masterly generals of the time. As he marched on from victory to victory, the Protestant princes and cities recovered their courage, and hastened to array themselves under his banners. Joined by the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, he signally defeated Tilly at Leipsic, and there was nothing to impede his march to Vienna. This victory, and the successes which followed it on the Rhine and in Bavaria, at once restored the Protestant cause; and though Wallenstein could baffle and delay him at Nuremberg, he was unable to achieve a decisive success. His death at Lützen, in the midst of victory, was a heavy blow to the hopes of the Protestants; but they had by that time sufficiently regained their strength to be able, with the assistance of the Swedes, to maintain themselves

* *The History of Gustavus Adolphus and of the Thirty Years' War, up to the King's Death; with some Account of its Conclusion by the Peace of Westphalia, anno 1648.* By B. Chapman, M.A., Vicar of Leatherhead. London: Longman & Co. 1856.

against the Catholic powers, and ultimately, at the Peace of Westphalia, to make fair terms for themselves. Mr. Chapman remarks:—

The death of Gustavus Adolphus cast a gloom over the whole of Europe. Even foes could lament the fall of so noble an enemy. To his subjects, to his allies, to the bondmen who looked to him for redress or deliverance, his loss was a heartrending sorrow. Grave and aged senators wrung their hands and sobbed aloud when the intelligence reached Stockholm. In the unfortunate Frederick of Bohemia it produced, as we have seen, a depression that contributed probably to his death.

Nor was the grief shown by the many merely political or selfish, excited because the public or individual hopes centred in the King seemed to have perished with him. A heartfelt loyalty, a strong personal admiration and attachment, intermingled with other sources of regret, and dignified the sorrow.

It would have been strange had it been otherwise. There were in Gustavus most of the advantages and amenities of person and character which make a popular king a man admired and beloved. In his latter years, indeed, he no longer possessed the graceful form that had belonged to him when he was the ardent and favoured suitor of Ebba Brahé; but the slight inclination to corpulence that grew upon him as he advanced towards middle age detracted probably little, if at all, from the commanding dignity of his person. His countenance to the last retained its captivating sweetness and expressive variety. It was a countenance of which the most accomplished pencil could give in one effort only an inadequate idea, and which Vandyke—to whose portrait of the King none of the engravings which I have seen do justice—has represented only in repose.

With respect to the character of Gustavus, posterity has readily affirmed the judgment of his contemporaries. There are few of the great masters of war and conquerors of kingdoms of whom so little evil can be asserted. That he possessed the ambition of a successful soldier is undoubtedly true. The conflicts in which he was engaged before he took part in the German war were no doubt more for the territorial aggrandisement of his kingdom than for the sake of any high or ennobling principle. That, however, was not considered a fault in the princes of those days, and even in much more recent times the historian passes lightly over such wars, unless they are marked with peculiar ferocity and bloodshed. But, upon the whole, Gustavus Adolphus was immeasurably superior in elevation of character, no less than in military ability, to the princes of his own age. His religion seems to have been more free from fanaticism than was commonly the case in the times in which he lived; and though he had been bred up in the camp, he was totally exempt from the ferocity and cruelty which belonged to so many of the commanders in the Thirty Years' War. In the organization of armies, he was hardly less successful than in handling them in the field. By his intimate acquaintance with every branch of military science, such as it then was, he created an army in the poorest country in Europe; and he maintained it at a point of discipline and efficiency till then unknown, notwithstanding the heterogeneous materials of which it was composed. He had the gifts of command in the highest degree, for, like Marlborough, he had to fight his battles with troops of every nation and language of Northern Europe. He had also the art of selecting able instruments to do his work, if we may judge from the number of good Swedish generals and statesmen who carried on the war in Germany with considerable success after the death of their master.

Although documents still exist stating the motives which led the King to engage in the German war, it is not quite clear whether zeal for the Protestant cause or a desire to prevent the Empire from becoming powerful in the Baltic predominated. Probably the Swedish Government felt that, in the interest of the Scandinavian Powers, it was desirable to support a balance of power in Germany. Denmark had been humiliated and greatly weakened by Wallenstein's victory, and though Sweden was not actually menaced, there was considerable danger that the Imperial sway might become firmly established on the coasts of the Baltic. That danger was effectually removed by Gustavus carrying the war into Germany, instead of waiting to let his enemy obtain positions on the coast. There was a political as well as a religious object to be secured, both of which might be contemplated by the same mind without hypocrisy or fanaticism. Both were gained by the short and brilliant career of Gustavus. The Protestant interests in Northern Germany were saved—the independence of the German princes was assured—Sweden had no rival in the Baltic, and attained a rank among European powers which she held for a century afterwards. Perhaps, however, it may be questioned whether the immense drain which the war occasioned on the slender resources of so poor a country as Sweden was adequately compensated even by an addition of territory and a high reputation as a military Power.

As an administrator, Gustavus possessed abilities of the highest order. Properly speaking, his was the first modern army. Notwithstanding the poverty of his exchequer, he regularly paid his troops, and he was the first general of that age who repressed in his own army the rapacity and licentiousness which had been till then considered the natural characteristics of soldiers. After his death, indeed, Baner's troops committed the same terrible excesses that had been perpetrated by Tilly's; but as long as Gustavus lived, strict discipline was maintained invariably in the Swedish camp. When we look at the wonderful results achieved with apparently insufficient means, we cannot doubt that the superiority of the Swedish discipline was a powerful instrument in organizing victory.

Mr. Chapman's *Life of Gustavus* has some considerable merits. The author appears to have taken great pains in searching out the documents of the period, and has collected much that

will be new to the English reader. The style, too, is rather above than below the average, and the book is an agreeable one to read; but it seems to us to be deficient in breadth of view. It is not sufficient for the student of the philosophy of history, though it is a valuable piece of biography. There is one deficiency which the reader may fairly complain of in a narrative of military operations—there is no map appended to the work; and as all the names and divisions of territory in Germany were very different in the seventeenth century from those with which we are at present familiar, it is not very easy for the unassisted reader to follow the author in his account of the campaigns which he describes.

MUSICAL LITERATURE.*

A FRENCH publication which has reached a third edition would need no recommendation or notice at our hands if we were addressing a Parisian public; but since it is probable that there are many English readers who have not yet made acquaintance with M. Scudo's volume, we have no scruple in directing their attention to it. It is a pleasure both great and rare to meet with criticisms on music which are not sealed books to the generality of readers, on account of their being crammed with unintelligible technical terms and scientific discussions which are interesting to none but pedants and *dilettanti*. M. Scudo has steered clear of these faults, and whilst presenting us with a work which is sufficiently special in its character to be instructive to musical artists and students, he has given us nothing which will be either uninteresting or incomprehensible to the general reader.

Before entering upon a notice of the contents of the book, our readers may like to know something of the author. Born at Venice, he studied in Germany under a professor who was, he informs us, as well acquainted with the works of Kant, Fichte, and Jacobi, as with those of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. He then went to Paris, and completed his musical education at the school founded by Alexander Choron in the year 1816. This school, says M. Scudo, had some analogy to the celebrated institution of Port Royal—its endeavour being to show that in music, as well as in all other branches of knowledge, there are certain eternal truths which cannot be forgotten with impunity. To set forth this principle has been the chief object of M. Scudo's efforts. Hence the philosophical character of his musical criticisms—hence also their general interest. Of a volume which professes to contain a history of music from the advent of Christianity down to our own day, we cannot give more than a slight sketch, but it will be enough, we trust, to send our readers to the book itself for further information.

Amongst the Essays, we may first notice one on Church music. Looking far back through the mists of Christian antiquity, we see St. Ambrose, in the midst of the fourth century, adapting Latin words to the least complicated kinds of Greek music, and instructing the people in the elements of the new faith by teaching them to sing holy hymns to airs with which they had been familiar from their infancy. Two centuries afterwards, St. Gregory introduced the plain chant into churches, and it soon spread over the whole of Europe. In process of time, however, every country, and almost every province, interpreted this chant after its own fashion, whilst ignorant choristers, tired of the uniformity of its character, overwhelmed it with their barbarous improvisations. Moreover, to make the singing in churches agreeable to the people, who did not understand Latin, one among the choir sang profane words to the plain chant, while the rest chanted the Latin words. Thus, while the "Immolatus" was being performed, the tenor, accompanied by the congregation, sang "Liesse" or "Comfort prendra;" and at the "Sanctus," "Baise moin ma mie." This shameful state of things lasted until the Council of Trent, and finally vanished when Palestrina appeared to mark, by his advent, a new and glorious era in the history of Church music.

Closely connected with religious music is the romance music, which, as M. Scudo well says, is an essential form of the national genius of his country. Among all nations, popular songs of this description are to be found; and in his *Ars Cantus Mensurabilis*, Francon de Cologne has preserved fragments of songs in the Romance language which date from the tenth century. These *lais* of love—these romances sung by troubadours, minnesingers, and noble chatelaines—were the combined work of two species of authors. The common people and poets invented the melody and the words, and then went to a musician by profession, who wrote down their inspirations. The first were called *trouvères* (troubadori)—the second, *déchanteurs* or *harmonisateurs*. This division of labour lasted until the end of the thirteenth century. In the fifteenth century, the art of composing made great progress under the influence of the contra-puntists, while the melodies of the romances partook of that great movement of the human mind which is styled the *renaissance*. Indeed, one of the most striking characteristics attaching to Romance music is that we see the popular songs continually reflecting the spirit of the time at which they were composed—thus enabling us to trace in them, if not a history of events, at any rate a history of the character and disposition of the people to which they owe their origin.

* *Critique et Littérature Musicales*. Par P. Scudo. Troisième Edition. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1856.

By a natural transition, we pass from the history of romance music to that of the lyrical drama. In 1589, a number of *dilettanti*, poets, noble ladies, and musicians, met every evening in the house of the Count Verino, at Florence, where they amused themselves with endeavouring to invent a new form of musical art. The first result of their labours was the episode of the death of Ugolino, set to music by Vincent Galileo, the father of the philosopher. This musical novelty created a great sensation; and soon afterwards Emilio del Cavaliero further developed the idea of the lyrical drama in two compositions, entitled, *Il Satiro*, and *La Disperazione di Fileno*. They were represented before the Duke of Tuscany in 1590; and thus one of the most essentially modern forms of musical art—the opera—was born, says M. Scudo, towards the end of the seventeenth century, in a palace at Florence, and was the fruit of the speculations of a few accomplished *dilettanti*, who had been endeavouring to reproduce, in the language of Dante, that mysterious marriage between music and poetry of which the ancients have told us so many marvels. In 1645, Cardinal Mazarin introduced into Paris an Italian company, who performed a sort of opera buffa, by Strozzi, before the King and Queen at the Petit Bourbon. In 1761, a musical drama, entitled *Pomone*, composed by the Abbé Perin, was given at Paris, and this may be considered as the first French opera. Perin was followed by Lulli, whose operas are little else than a measured declamation, in which the music plays the part of humble auxiliary to the poetry. This system continued until the time of Gluck and Piccini—those two great rivals who may be regarded as belonging to the two opposing orders of minds of which Aristotle and Plato are the representatives. But while the Gluckists and Piccinists were engaged in a combat of the importance of which they were ignorant, Mozart, a genius greater and more complete than either, harmonised the two systems by uniting the severity, truth, and energy of Gluck, to the grace, sweetness, and tenderness of Piccini in his immortal *chef-d'œuvre* of *Don Giovanni*.

The invention of the lyrical drama opened a new era to instrumental music, and from that time the orchestra went on multiplying its forces and diversifying its rôle. The symphony, properly so called—which is one of the most splendid results of the progress of musical science, and of its application to the fabrication of instruments—had, however, no existence until the second half of the eighteenth century. It is generally allowed that it is to the Germans we are indebted for the invention of a species of music which is suited to idealise life in all its varieties—its thousand transports of passion, its flights of fancy, and all those ecstasies which fill the soul whilst contemplating the beauty and majesty of the external world. In its infancy it was chiefly imitative; and in almost all the best-known symphonies, we still find passages in which the imitation of natural phenomena is attempted. Amongst the most celebrated of these are the *Creation* and *Seasons* of Handel, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, &c.

Several of M. Scudo's essays contain biographical sketches of celebrated composers, artists, and singers. Of these, his notice of Donizetti and the Italian school since Rossini is one of the most interesting. His account of Angelica Catalani is also a most graceful little sketch, and contains an anecdote which may be new to some of our readers:—

Some days before her death, Madame Catalani, who was sitting alone in her drawing-room, without any presentiment of her approaching end, received a visit from an unknown lady, who refused to give her name to the servant. As soon as the stranger was admitted, she bowed, saying, "I am come to pay my homage to the most celebrated singer of our times, and to the most noble of women. Give me your blessing, madame—I am Jenny Lind." Madame Catalani, touched even to tears, pressed her young disciple to her heart.

M. Scudo speaks of the difficulty which a critic has to encounter in judging of contemporary works, and says that to appreciate them rightly demands such a combination of qualities as are rarely found united in the same individual. For it is requisite that he should possess firmness and moderation, a steadfast adherence to principles which are eternal in their nature, and the liberality of spirit which is ever ready to welcome all that is original. It is perhaps the want of some of these qualities which renders M. Scudo so severe upon some of his contemporaries, especially on M. Berlioz and M. Liszt, to both of whom he gives a very scant measure of justice, though, with regard to M. Berlioz, he acknowledges that he has of late seen reason to modify the opinions he expressed in the criticism of his works which was written in 1846. And certainly, the æsthetical ideas which M. Berlioz has developed in his *Treatise on Instrumentation and Orchestration* are so valuable, and so accordant with our notions of musical progress, that even M. Scudo himself must allow that the theory of the composer deserves attention. M. Scudo complains that M. Berlioz mistakes intensity of sound for the acme of art—that the orchestra of Beethoven does not suffice him—that in order to display his genius, he requires not only all the instruments which have been invented during the last fifty years, but all the crude inventions which are daily manufactured—and that, in his critique on Mozart's *Requiem*, he exclaims, with reference to the Tuba Mirum, "One single trombone is only used to waken and call the dead from the grave. Why only one, when thirty, when three hundred would not be too many?" Always, says M. Scudo, we have the same system of grotesque exaggeration and material turbulence. We will now hear what M. Berlioz has to

say for himself on the subject. In his *Treatise on Instrumentation* we meet with the following passage:—

Vulgar prejudice stigmatises large orchestras as noisy; but if they be well constituted, well practised, and well conducted; if they perform sterling music, they should be called powerful; and certainly nothing is more dissimilar than these two expressions. A trumpery little *vaunderville* orchestra may be noisy. Where a large body of musicians, properly employed, shall be of extreme softness, and shall produce, even in their loudest effects, sounds the most beautiful, three ill-placed trombones will seem noisy—insufferable; and the instant after, in the same room, twelve trombones will strike the public by their noble and powerful harmony.

In the thousand combinations practicable with the vast orchestra we have just described, would dwell a wealth of harmony, a variety of qualities in tone, a succession of contrasts, which can be compared to nothing hitherto achieved in art; and above all, an incalculable melodical, expressive, and rhythmical power, a penetrating force of unparalleled strength, a prodigious sensitiveness for gradations of aggregate and of detail. Its repose would be majestic as the slumber of oceans; its agitations would recall the tempests of the tropics; its explosions, the outbursts of volcanoes; therein would be found the plaints, the murmurs, the mysterious sounds of primeval forests; the clamours, the prayers, the songs of triumph or of mourning of a people with expansive tone, ardent hearts and fiery passions; its silence would inspire awe by its solemnity; and organizations the most rebellious would shudder to behold its crescendo spread roaringly—like a stupendous conflagration.

We think that this passage sufficiently vindicates M. Berlioz from the charge M. Scudo has brought against him of considering that noise is the end and aim of music. M. Scudo is, if possible, still more severe on M. Liszt. That he is incontestably a great pianist—that he possesses energy, rapidity, clearness—that he is sovereign master of his instrument—all these things M. Scudo allows. But then he adds—"He plays upon the piano, instead of making it sing; he appeals to the senses, instead of touching the heart; he materializes the most sublime of all the arts, and produces a physical effect when he ought to produce a moral one. As to his compositions, no one can execute them but himself—they are improvisations void of ideas and destitute of order, as pretentious as they are *bizarre*, and possessing no other merit but such as depends on the magic of execution." Having thus demolished M. Liszt as a pianist and a composer, M. Scudo proceeds to disparage his character. The generality of our readers must be so familiar with the original that we will leave them to decide whether M. Scudo has sketched a faithful copy:—

M. Liszt, being a clear-sighted man, quite understands that art, as he conceives it, stands in need of all the prestige of the *mise en scène*. Therefore he neglects nothing which is capable of catching the eye and striking the imagination. Look at him making his entry into a public concert-room; first he flings his gloves to the attendant, next throws himself down upon his seat; then his eyes wander over his numerous audience till he fixes his piercing gaze first upon one, and then upon another of his disciples, who are fascinated by his glance, like timid doves by the vulture's eye; at last he places his hands upon the instrument, and all the time that he is rolling his thunder and flashing his lightning, he maintains enough *sang froid* to see and hear everything that is going on around him. When M. Liszt is not playing, he is talking, gesticulating, beating time, walking about, and in one way or another making himself the centre of observation. He is in fact a clever juggler. M. Liszt, who forgets nothing, imagining that posterity would be charmed to possess, not only the lines of his *Dantesque* face, but also the impression of his wonder-working hands, has had a cast taken of them. This trait cannot be excelled, excepting by the conduct of the women who buy them.

It is time, however, that we should bid farewell to M. Scudo; and, while taking exception to some few of his theories and opinions, we are happy to believe that his volume has already obtained a distinguished place in the estimation of those who are best able to appreciate its numerous merits.

VOLTAIRE'S LETTERS.*

THE industry and zeal of M. de Cayrol, a distinguished collector of autographs, have enabled him to obtain from different sources upwards of a thousand letters, hitherto unpublished, from the pen of Voltaire. They have been edited carefully and skilfully by M. François, and the edition is enriched with a preface by M. Saint Marc Girardin, in which the general character of these letters and the nature of their contents are set before us with the clearness and felicity of a practised writer. The collection commences with a letter written in 1718, and ends with one written in 1778; and thus takes us over almost the whole of the long literary life of Voltaire. The details of that life were so well known before, that these letters could not be expected to give us much that was absolutely new. They only add the finishing touches to a picture tolerably complete without them. But their comparatively small bulk permits us to travel over these sixty years of a life so marvellous in its activity and energy, with a rapidity impossible to the readers of the voluminous correspondence of Voltaire already published. Our memory is refreshed by finding here and there a letter, written at an important epoch of Voltaire's history, which, if it does not give us new information, places what we did know in a new aspect; and the allusions to matters of daily interest and ordinary importance, impress on us the sequence of Voltaire's literary creations, and exhibit him to us in the familiarity of his intimate friendships.

Few of these letters are distinguished by any attempt to rise above the level of a plain and graceful style. There is no effort apparent, nor any design to write what would be thought an unusually good letter. In all the great English letter-writers of the last century, with the exception of Cowper, it is easy to trace the wish to excel. They wrote a letter to do them credit, and to

* *Lettres inédites de Voltaire*, recueillies par M. de Cayrol, et annotées par M. Alphonse François; avec une préface de M. Saint Marc Girardin, de l'Académie française. Paris: Didier. 1856.

keep up their reputation. Horace Walpole knew that no one would light a candle with one of those careful productions of epigrammatic malice which he delighted to scatter around him. Gray wrote his letters as he wrote his poems, and they seem as if they had been put by for the nine years recommended by Horace, and then laboriously filed into their requisite polish. Voltaire writes as naturally, though not perhaps as simply, as Cowper did. There is an air of lettered elegance about his correspondence, the style is always light, the subject handled with the art of a man who has learnt not to say too much; but all seems to flow spontaneously from his pen. These letters are not like letters of the present day, because they were written in a different state of society, but it probably cost any one habituated to the society of Paris a hundred years ago, no trouble whatever to hit off the happy turns and the little prettinesses with which these letters abound. As society is enlarged, as its members form a body less easily defined, letter-writing becomes more and more a matter of business; and all expressions that would be thought out of place in conversation seem affected and pedantic. It is the characteristic of Voltaire's letters that they combine the extreme of simplicity with the language current in a society that relished the art of neat and well-turned writing. In a letter written shortly before his death, he speaks of himself as the patient of the *Rue de Beaune*, and tells his doctor, to whom he is writing, that "the patient has had all night, and still has, violent fits of coughing. He asks pardon for giving so much trouble about a corpse." We do not now-a-days write in this way to our doctors; and yet it seems very natural that Voltaire should have written so. In 1771, he writes from Ferney to Madame de St. Julien a letter beginning, "Will the fair Diana who has vanquished so many hearts and killed so many partridges, who is light as a butterfly and wise as Minerva—will she deign to receive the homage of an old owl of Mount Jura?" In writing to M. Marin, in 1774, he commences by saying, "The invalid of fourscore, who is buried under ten feet of snow, has scarcely strength to write; he cannot make up his mind to dictate a letter to Messieurs the inhabitants of Paris, unless he has something to send worth the trouble of sending it. For once, he happens to have something to say." It was impossible for Voltaire to forget that in writing to a friend he was writing to "Messieurs the inhabitants of Paris," and he wrote what they would like to read, just as he thought it a piece of acceptable gallantry to call a lady a butterfly and a Diana—he obeyed, as he also guided and sustained, the fashion of the time. It is to the credit, therefore, of the age, as well as to that of the writer himself, that even in his most fanciful conceits, there is always such perfection of good taste.

"What I most like in Voltaire," says M. St. Marc Girardin, "is that in him the man of letters comes first, but does not come alone. Behind the writer there is a man of very different tastes, who at the age of sixty-four years asks nothing better than to acquire a new taste—that for horses and bullocks." In an age which sang of the country, but avoided going into it, among men who belonged to the drawing-rooms of Paris, Voltaire shared with Rousseau the happiness of a true love of nature, although he never made an idol of scenery, as Rousseau did, nor expatiated on the pleasures of the country to the express disadvantage of those of the town. This collection contains more than one letter which shows how truly Voltaire could enjoy the pleasures and occupations of the country. In 1763, soon after the Peace of Paris, he writes to M. de Chenèvières, who held an office under the Minister of War, "Thank God, you have no more military hospitals to direct; we shall have fewer legs and arms cut off, and more labourers in our fields; and this is what I care most about, for I am a good agriculturist, and should make a very bad soldier. I am now laying out a sort of park, about a league in circuit, and I have a prospect of twenty leagues to look at. How do you suppose I can go to Paris in the spring? I should think myself the most wretched of men if I saw the spring anywhere else than in my own domain. I pity those who do not enjoy nature, and who live without seeing her." Sometimes he writes of the beauties he sees with a spirit and a graphic minuteness which betray the keenness of his relish for the charms of a scenery of the highest order; and to be able to appreciate what he says, we must remember how very modern a love for mountain scenery really is, and how completely even men of refined taste during the last century were absorbed in the admiration of fruitful plains and cultivated ground. He thus, for instance, describes a view in Switzerland while writing to M. Watelet in 1760. We give it in the original, as it is exactly one of those passages which are spoilt in a translation:—

Puisse votre ouvrage, monsieur, former autant de bons artistes qu'il vous attirera de louanges! Je voudrais trouver quelque Claude Lorrain qui peignît ce que je vois de mes fenêtres: c'est un vallon terminé en face par la ville de Genève, qui s'élève en amphithéâtre. Le Rhône sort en cascade de la ville pour se joindre à la rivière d'Arve, qui descend à gauche entre les Alpes; au delà de l'Arve est encore à gauche une autre rivière, et au delà de cette rivière, quatre lieues de paysage. A droite est le lac de Genève, au delà du lac les prairies de Savoie; tout l'horizon terminé par des collines qui vont se joindre à des montagnes couvertes de glaces éternelles, éloignées de vingt-cinq lieues, et tout le territoire de Genève semé de maisons de plaisance et de jardins. Je n'ai vu nulle part une telle situation; je doute que celle de Constantinople soit aussi agréable.

There is, unmistakably, something more in this than a piece of pretty writing; there is the observation, the liveliness of a man who would have enjoyed if no one had known that he was enjoying. "Je veux mourir laboureur et berger," Voltaire said, on one occasion, and he meant it, as much as any one could mean

it who had been the favourite of a metropolis. Nor did he only love the country as a poet, but he loved to make money there. We find him writing to the Marquis d'Argenson, that he had taken to horse-breeding, and that he wished for a nominal office in connexion with the royal stables, in order to be a great man among grooms and dealers. He tells us he is fond of his oxen, "*qui lui font leurs gros doux yeux*," but he was prudent enough to care for his own profit as well as for the eyes of his cattle. His schemes for enriching himself and others were numberless. He gratified his love of activity, of gain, and of doing good, for instance, at once, by the establishment he set up at Ferney for the manufacture of clocks, and many of the letters now published refer to this colony, as he calls it, and show how heartily he entered into whatever he took in hand.

Although these letters add little to our knowledge of Voltaire's political opinions, they bring before us very forcibly the sagacity with which he regarded the events of his day, and the frankness with which he declared what he thought. He saw very clearly some traits in the popular character which made him resolve not to yield easily to the judgment of his countrymen. "It is always," he says, in a letter to M. Constant de Rebecque, "a difficult matter with me to understand how a nation so agreeable can be at the same time so ferocious; how it can pass so easily from the opera to the massacre of St. Bartholomew; can be composed now of dancing monkeys, now of roaring bears; can be so ingenious yet so imbecile, so courageous and so cowardly." He was always ready with his applause for any government that he thought honestly wished to do its duty. Even in extreme old age, he took the greatest interest in watching the course of Louis XVI., upheld him when, as he thought, the Parliament showed itself ungrateful to its restorer, and persuaded himself that the good purpose and the patriotism of the young king must reap their harvest, and that an era of great prosperity and tranquillity was setting in just as he himself was about to quit the world. "It is like laughing at the world," he writes in 1776, "to quit it while Louis XVI. reigns, and M. Turgot governs our affairs. Enjoy the golden age of which you see the dawn." He felt that his own work had been a successful one, and that the spirit he had laboured to spread abroad had been widely received. "I myself," he writes in 1769, "shall not eat the fruits of the tree of toleration which I have planted. I am too old; my teeth are all gone, but you may be sure that you will one day enjoy them." In the wider sphere of European politics he took every occasion to express his sympathy with the cause which he identified with that of civilization, and encouraged the great actors to play the part he thought the interests of humanity called on them to fill. The Turks he hated as barbarians. He was almost indifferent through whom their expulsion should be effected, so long as Greece and Constantinople were restored to the civilized world. "Your nation," he writes to a Polish princess, "saved Vienna from the Ottomans, and will one day perhaps aid in driving from Europe those barbarian usurpers." When the Czarina obtained a victory, he writes with a burst of joy to M. Morné, "*Ma Catherine est bien triomphante*." But it was not the success of Russia in particular that he sought; for he goes on to say, "If Joseph had wished it—or rather if he had had money, there would be no longer any Turks in Europe; the country of Sophocles, of Anacreon, and of Euripides would be free." He earnestly desired that France should take a part in restoring civilization to the East, and especially that the French navy should be employed to put down the Algerian pirates. "I have always wondered," he writes in 1770 to the Duc de Praslin, "that the Christian sovereigns who sometimes make war on each other in mere lightness of heart, do not unite to throw Tunis and Algiers into their harbours. These robbers of Tunis are fine successors of the Carthaginians." "Voltaire wished," says M. St. Marc Girardin, "that northern Africa should be restored to civilization. To accomplish his wish has been one of the works of the nineteenth century and of France." Looking back at this distance of time, we can scarcely say that there are any of Voltaire's general opinions on European politics in which our experience has proved him to be widely mistaken; and even if we ever think him wrong, we cannot cease to admire the good sense and good temper with which these letters show him to have approached subjects so exciting to men of every generation.

CLARA, OR SLAVE LIFE IN EUROPE.*

THE "Preface by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.," which introduces this translation to the English public, may possibly have elsewhere an influence which we confess it has wanted as regards ourselves. We were of course quite prepared to find Sir Archibald ready with his off-hand opinion upon slave life, as upon every other question in morals, politics, religion, history, or literature. He answers for the fidelity of the version; and we lately proved, by examining his own chapter on German literature, how indisputable are his claims to our belief:—

The authoress of the translation, in addition to a thorough knowledge of German, both in colloquial use and written composition, has enjoyed the great advantage of having lived for several years in Germany, and been familiar with the most elevated in rank, and superior in acquirements in that country.

* *Clara, or Slave Life in Europe*. With a Preface by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. London: Bentley. 1856.

But a knowledge of German, "both in colloquial use and written composition"—which, in working-day language, means "German spoken and written"—is not so uncommon among English people as the readers of Sir Archibald Alison might suppose. Indeed, "the great advantage of having lived for several years in Germany" has, unfortunately for Sir Archibald, been enjoyed by so many persons as seriously to hinder the implicit acceptance of his decision upon all things German. For ourselves, when the advertisements daily invite us to buy this novel on the authority of its editor, we apply Gibbon's words, and say, "Sir Archibald Alison will be our warrant for this, but who will be our warrant for Sir Archibald?" A lady who has "a thorough knowledge of German," and who has "lived for several years in Germany," must at any rate know a great deal more of German literature than Sir A. Alison himself; and if such a person, acting on what tradesmen call "mutual principles," could have been got to vouch for a certain chapter in the *History of Europe*, we might possibly have hesitated a little before condemning that same chapter as we have lately done.

We are told in the preface, and are continually reminded in the advertisements, that this novel "is intended to prove that all classes have their own fetters, that the conventional chains of civilized life are even more galling than the rude fetters of the African, and that many a white slave would have something to envy in the lot of Uncle Tom." But if this was the principal purpose of the work, we can only say that it has been very imperfectly fulfilled; and however attractive may be the title, we fear that even beyond the Atlantic this apology for existing institutions will be found incomplete. In the first burst of the English popularity of *Uncle Tom*, we believe that many threats were uttered of a companion picture of our own social evils, by which American susceptibility was to be avenged. This task, however, has hitherto been but indifferently performed, although certainly the failure has not been owing to any want of will. But of late we have been seized with a perfect passion for depreciating ourselves, and the frenzy has, it seems, possessed even the steady and ponderous Sir Archibald. He fears that "there is too much truth in this view of the effects of civilization"—an admission which is perhaps unwarranted, and, at any rate, is singularly rash. But the fact is, that our extreme Tories have a most fatal facility for unguarded talk. We make no doubt that Sir A. Alison is still prepared to write painful volumes in defence of various institutions and social arrangements which here he topples over with a single sentence. The opinion that large classes of our countrymen are condemned by those above them to a slavery without hope or end, is frequently repeated and laboriously enforced, in certain publications which sell extensively, for the Sunday reading of the classes whose oppression is therein described. We can fancy the condemnation which the historian of Europe would pass upon this portion of our literature. How lumbering would be his periods, how many and vague his adjectives, and how rigidly correct his views! To how many libraries, selected on the strictest principles, would a few such pages be a speedy passport! But, alas! when our Tory champion is off duty, and disporting himself in the field of German literature, what an indiscreet avowal has he popped out! See how good a thing it is to sow one's wild oats in the season which nature has appointed. There was Disraeli, for example, spreading the strangest opinions in his youth, and see now how correct he has become. Then, again, there was Bulwer, writing the naughtiest of stories, and little dreaming that he would live to censure, with edifying austerity, the licence of contemporary novelists. Sir Archibald, on the contrary, who was so demure and irreproachable in youth, is sliding in mature years into opinions which we fear may give some cause for scandal. We must really warn this skittish gentleman of the dangerous tendency of his freaks. An author who is only dashing, at a spare hour, into an untrod region may perhaps be entitled to abandon the measured movement of his serious labours; but it is nevertheless true that those who sincerely hold the doctrines he sports with are bound to pull down about his ears every institution that he deems most sacred.

If we could venture to differ from such a consummate critic as Sir Archibald, we should say that the "fidelity and force of drawing" of this novel are considerably over-estimated by the editor. The story comprises so many scenes and characters, and the incidents are so violently improbable, that we can only compare it to those edifying chronicles which pretend to reveal to the masses of our great cities the iniquities of the aristocracy. Sir A. Alison's method of criticism is familiar to us all. It is like those dictionaries which explain one word by another—which last, on reference, is found to be explained by that first sought for. In this way he compares the author of *Clara* to Bulwer and Dickens; and, no doubt, if he were criticising English writers, he would seek for parallels in Germany. But we think that the illustration would have been far more perfect if the gifted author of the *Mysteries of London* had been named to furnish it. Not that even he has ever written anything nearly so astonishing as *Clara*, because certain things which appear improbable enough in London cannot, by any effort of fancy, be even conceived to happen in a moderate-sized German town. This metropolis contains many wonders, but the marvels of the Fox Tavern of the Grand Ducal capital are such as the boldest English novelist would not dream

of picturing. The exquisitely finished sliding panels and spring doors, the subterranean passages, and the secret tribunal which they shelter, pass tolerably well in a story of the middle ages, but they strike us as incongruous with gas-lighted streets and new police. Then the Baron von Brandt—the handsome, the courtly, the effeminate, the man who lives but to invent new perfumes—is the energetic, bold, and able leader of a band of robbers, and dispenses in the recesses of the Fox Tavern instant death to treacherous followers, and sudden relief to distressed but strictly virtuous maidens. The exploits of this Baron and his confederates, their invisible presence and sudden transformations, are more wonderful than those of Fenella in *Peveril of the Peak*, which we take to be the most wonderful series of incidents in all Scott's novels. But then it occurs to us that Fenella had an intelligible motive; whereas we cannot understand why the Baron and his men should give themselves so much unnecessary trouble. We are unable to see why a gentleman of good landed estate should be concerned in a burglary at a bookseller's—and, still more, why so ordinary a crime should be gone about in so complicated a manner.

This Baron is undoubtedly the great test of our powers of belief; and having reconciled ourselves to him, we have less difficulty in conceiving the beauty and the goodness of the fair Clara and her companions of the *corps de ballet*. Of slavery, we are bound to say, there is much less than the title of the story might lead one to expect. We find, indeed, a good deal of that sort of slavery which the amatory poets tell us is a direful lot enough, but which, whatever may be its miseries, is by no means a modern or exclusively European institution. We are also taught that the court of the Grand Duke is enslaved by ceremonies, that the dancers must bow to the caprices of the public, and that a certain physician is a victim of his wife's whims. But it is simply absurd to compare these small miseries with the oppression which, at any rate, may be inflicted upon Black by White; and besides, we believe that the public is capricious, and that women are women, even in the United States—where, however, it is only fair to admit that one's natural freedom is very slightly restrained by ceremony.

This book has undoubtedly an attractive title, which, as often happens, is but imperfectly justified by the contents. Nevertheless, we believe that few who may be beguiled, by the name or by the preface, into reading it, will be inclined to complain of the deception practised on them. A tale that is natural and probable is in some danger of becoming dull—a fault which certainly cannot fairly be charged on *Clara*. We of course expected, from an early period in the first volume, that the chains in which the painter Arthur is held by the beautiful dancer Clara, would in due time be exchanged for the equally galling yoke of marriage. But there is another dancer, named Marie, who has an equally devoted lover, Richard, a stage-carpenter; and it is his duty to manage the rope by which his beloved descends from heaven to earth in a certain ballet. At the critical moment, a judicious friend whispers in Richard's ear a false charge that Marie is unfaithful; and in his emotion he lets go the rope, and his mistress falls on the stage, and is killed. This undoubtedly is a surprise, and a very clumsy one, for the reader; but after such a startling application of the principle of *Deus ex machina*, the attention is fully roused. We kept a sharp eye upon the author to the end; and it was not until Clara and Arthur were fairly married, and gone to Italy, that we felt certain there were no more tricks in store for us.

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CHARLES NICHOLSON.

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Office of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings,
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